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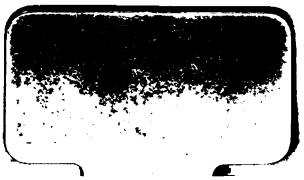

29 H.

GALERIO AND NERISSA,

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE,

THE

HISTORY

OF

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AND LADY;

SEVERAL

Poetical Effusions,

AND A FEW

DOMESTIC ANECDOTES.

'Tis said that Lovers walk secure
Amidst Life's thorny path,
And share the fav'ring smile
Of all preserving Heav'n.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, John Gale Jones.

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GALERIO AND NERISSA.

INTRODUCTORY NARRATIVE.

NERISSA was the daughter of a reſpectable phyſician, and Galerio was regularly educated in the medical profeſſion. A ſevere illneſs, that laſted ſeveral months, and rendered him incapable of attending to his buſineſs, induced Dr. —— to apply to Galerio to viſit his patients and ſuperintend his affairs. This firſt introduced him to a reſidence in the family, and an acquaintance with Neriſſa. An attachment took place that ſoon became mutual, and was heightened by an alarming illneſs with which Galerio was ſeized, in conſequence of viſiting a family

affected with a malignant fever; during which, he experienced from Neriſſa the moſt tender ſolicitude, and the moſt humane and unremitting attention. Upon his recovery he renewed his viſits, and after a ſhort interval made an offer of his hand and heart. Dr. —— liſtened to him with polite attention, and expreſſed himſelf in the moſt flattering terms; but, at the ſame time, deferred, till a future opportunity, giving his final determination. In the mean time the moſt frequent and unreſerved intercourſe took place between them, and our lovers conſidering themſelves as already united, participated in all thoſe agreeable amuſements and innocent enjoyments ſo uſual on ſuch an occaſion. Suddenly, however, without any viſible pretext, or any cauſe aſſigned, a material alteration was obſervable in Dr. ———'s conduct. He grew thoughtful and reſerved, and ſometimes exhibited ſymptoms of a petulant diſpoſition. At length, at the expiration of a few weeks, Neriſſa was ſent to L———, a little village, about ſix miles from London, under the pretence of a viſit to a friend, but in reality as a prelude to a ſeparation.

At this time the following correſpondence began, and continued until Neriſſa's return to London, when Galerio was requeſted to

forbear all further viſits, and forbidden acceſs to the family. This gave occaſion to the various poetical effuſions that follow, and which ſufficiently indicate the temper and diſpoſition of the writer, and the deep and forcible impreſſion made on his mind. Some efforts of a lighter deſcription are occaſionally interſperſed in this collection, that appear to have been written at a more fortunate period, and may perhaps, not only ſerve to diſplay the verſatility of the author, but add a ſort of relief to the whole.

Reſpecting the tranſlation, and ſubſequent correſpondence, it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that they are not the idle fiction of the moment, but a faithful relation of well authenticated facts. The author is well aware that his work might have been more intereſting to a numerous claſs of readers, if he had multiplied incidents, and invented rare and uncommon events. But he did not think it conſiſtent with his duty to pervert or miſrepreſent truth, for the mere purpoſe of intereſt or amuſement; and if, from the delineation of ſentiment and the diſplay of real feeling, he can neither improve the taſte, nor inform the underſtanding of his readers; at leaſt, he will not attempt, by groſs impro-

babilities, or licentious deſcriptions, to diſturb their imaginations, or corrupt their hearts!

The author takes this opportunity, alſo, of expreſſing his grateful acknowledgements to the numerous friends and ſubſcribers, who have honoured him with their patronage and ſupport. A kindneſs the more flattering, as it has been ſhewn by perſons whoſe opinions, for the moſt part, are at variance with his own: while, on the contrary, from thoſe, in whom, profeſſing ſimilar principles, he might have expected to find congeniality of ſentiment and co-operation of ſupport, he has experienced little elſe, ſave unmerited calumny or unfeeling neglect.

John Gale Jones.

A violent Democrat, & Member & one of the Delegates of the Corresponding Society.

AUGUST, 1804.

LETTER I.

GALERIO to NERISSA.

Saturday Morning,
one o'Clock.

My dearest Love,

More than a fortnight has now elapſed ſince I was again cruelly deprived of your loved preſence, and left to ſtruggle with the world, alone, unfriended, and without one cheering ray of conſolation. Have you not often blamed me for my ſilence, and as oft reproved my unkind delay? Have you not counted over the hours which lingering paſt, and brought not with them ſome little memorial, or ſome faithful tribute of my fond affection? Has not your gentle boſom heaved with many an anxious ſigh, and has not a gliſtening tear moiſtened your bluſhing cheek, as you have retraced the

the various incidents which occured on the day when laſt we parted? Alas! ſacred, for ever, will be, to me, the remembrance of that melancholy ſcene. Methinks once more I ſee the hill, where late, with wide extended arms, we met, and interchanged our vows.

> The green ſeat, circled round with trees,
> That wav'd reſpondent to the whiſtling breeze,
> On which we ſat, and breath'd our plaintive ſighs,
> Unmindful of the roaring winds and frowning ſkies.

The bleak and barren heath, over which we trod, ſtrewed here and there with autumn's faded leaves, that fell like man's proud hopes, to mingle with the duſt! and laſt the devious path, where hand in hand, like Eden's happy pair, thoughtleſs we ſtrayed, and, lovers like, miſtook our way! Surely, or my mind miſgives me, it was an ominous day, and emblematic of our future fate. For me, I ſcarcely knew, after you had quitted me, which way I bent my lingering courſe, Deprived of my ſoul, it ſeemed as though mere inſtinct moved my body, and I wandered juſt as chance or information directed. Sometimes, I queſtioned the paſſing ſtranger

but more frequently travelled on, unheeding and unheeded. Fatigued and wet with rain, at length I reached my home, where throwing myſelf into a chair, I delivered myſelf over to all the melancholy reflections which our ſeparation was calculated to inſpire. At this moment my kind and guardian genius, preſented himſelf, bearing in his hand, a ſhining mirror, in which I diſtinctly beheld my dear Neriſſa, ſlowly returning towards her home. And oft you ſighed, and once you ſecretly exclaimed, "Ah! will he not forget me?" Say, was there not, at that peculiar moment, a gentle breeze that fanned your cheek, yet made it glow, you knew not why? I will explain the myſtery. Anxious to chaſe away your fears, I ſeized the ſhining tranſcript of your borrowed form, and on it breathed an ardent kiſs. The genius ſmiled. Here zephyr, take this ſacred pledge of love, bear it to the gentle nymph, and whiſper ſoftly in her ear, "Galerio is faithful." Gladly the aërial ſpirit obeyed. Like honeyed dew, he placed it in a corner of his wing, then flew to ſeek you out, and fluttering round you preſt it tenderly to your lips, and haſtily withdrew. Conſcious of ſomething, though you

knew not what, you bluſhed, and ſtriving to repreſs a ſtarting tear, you ſighed and ſaid, "I do believe he loves me." Returning home you ſought to compoſe your troubled mind with reading; but in vain, and after throwing aſide the book, indulging yourſelf in profound meditation on the various occurrences of the day, and calmly enduring the raillery of your female friends concerning your ſolitary and unuſual perambulation, and your penſive demeanor; together with the ſhrewd ſuggeſtion of one of them "that you had certainly left your heart behind." You pleaded indiſpoſition, and retired to your own apartment. The modeſt genius here took the mirror from my unwilling hand, adding with an arch yet engaging ſmile "that at preſent, it was not permitted me to ſee any more." I then rubbed my aching eyes and looking up found that he had vaniſhed!

Was it not a ſingular circumſtance, and much like what we read of in romance, with this difference, that what was ſhewn was not only probable, but more than probably true? Alas, my love! he has ſince paid me another viſit, and ſhewn

me enough to excite my ſerious apprehenſion. The laſt time I peeped into his glaſs methought you were repreſented as a priſoner in confinement, ſubjected to the will and caprice of a cruel and malicious duenna, narrowly watched by your companions, your friendſhip treacherouſly betrayed, and your confidence abuſed. Strictly guarded, and all communication forbidden; it ſeemed almoſt a miracle to gain acceſs to your perſon, or admittance to your preſence. Surely this cannot be a juſt and faithful deſcription; or has ſome fiend, under the borrowed ſemblance of my guardian ſylph, held a fallacious mirror to my ſight!

Mrs. Danyers, a few evenings ago, went with me to B—— ſtreet, where we ſaw a *Caſtle Spectre* and Trick upon Trick. How different the ſcene, when you and your fair friends were there! Then all was gay and ſerene, and our trifling ſquabbles ſerved but to enhance the real pleaſure I enjoyed. Now all is ſad and comfortleſs. Like the ſtricken deer I wander, and like that perſecuted animal, turn on my purſuers, with tears in my eyes!

May I not come and ſee you? I dread to aſk, for fear of a refuſal. But Leander nightly braved the foaming Helleſpont for his beloved Hero, and Neriſſa may juſtly claim ſome ſacrifice as due to her from

GALERIO.

October 13, 1801.

P. S. The tranſlation I have begun, and hope to ſend it, together with a picture, ſome verſes, &c. Adieu my love, be as happy as you can, the time may come when you may be as happy as you wiſh.

LETTER II.

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Wedneſday Night,
ten o'Clock.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

JUDGE of the pleaſure I take in writing to you by the promptitude of my labours, and of my ſafety, after a perilous journey, by the place whence this receives it's date. The former is now almoſt my ſole remaining comfort, and the latter was accompliſhed only by running nearly half the way, during which time I was completely drenched; and when I reached home, which was within an hour and a half from my firſt ſetting out, was obliged to change my clothes. But tho' the rain deſcended in torrents, and the winds blew, as tho' let looſe from the four corners of heaven, I was not diſmayed. I felt my

mind at eaſe: for I bore about me a potent taliſman, which ſerved to cheer and animate my drooping ſpirits; it was Neriſſa's love! Dear girl! how eagerly does my fond fancy paint once more the charming ſcene, when gently reclining on my neck you bluſhed and owned you loved! Bleſſed for ever be that day, and ſacred to innocence and virtuous love. And yet I am not contented. I cannot bear this cruel ſeparation, like ſome fond child that feels an anxious longing after home; or as ſome venturous mariner who ſails in queſt of gain to diſtant climes, yet often ſighs and thinks of her he left behind; I ſicken at the diſtance between us, and pine to come again; to gaze upon your lovely countenance; to hear you "ſoftly ſpeak;" and ſee you "ſweetly ſmile;" to fold you to my throbbing breaſt and breathe my ardent vows of love! When, oh! when, ſhall we meet again? A thouſand apprehenſions fill my troubled mind, and make me truly wretched.

I went yeſterday to Chelſea, and dined at Mr. F——'s. His daughter Jane plays wonderfully on the piano-forte, and will always excite

admiration: but I muſt confeſs that did ſhe play worſe I ſhould like her better. The rapidity of execution leaves little room for either expreſſion, ſenſibility, or taſte. In theſe performers there may be much of ſcience, but there is little feeling. They conſtantly appeal to the head, but they never affect the heart. After drinking tea with them I ſet out on my journey, and it being a night of performance, wandered to B—— ſtreet, not knowing what was the play, and procured admiſſion without a ticket. It was to have been the "Cure for the Heart Ache," and the new farce of Mrs. H——, "Trick upon Trick;" but from ſome impediment was obliged to be changed for "Lovers' Vows," and the "Virgin Unmaſked." It was nearly eight o'clock before the curtain drew, and when the piece began it was quickly diſcovered that Frederick knew ſcarcely a line of his part. He apologiſed to the audience; obſerving that he had taken the character at a very ſhort notice. After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to go on, I called out to him, to read the part, he took the book from the prompter's hands, but unfortunately could not read! The curtain dropt,

and poor Agatha was obliged to produce another ſon! I ſtaid only till the end of the ſecond act, when ſick and ſad at heart, I came away. Before the commencement of the play a lady addreſſed herſelf to me, by aſking ſome trifling queſtion, at the ſame time calling me by my name. Two young ladies afterwards came in and ſat near us, one of whom was her daughter, and the other a Miſs K——. They alſo occaſionally ſpoke to me as if knowing me, and may I confeſs the truth? I could almoſt have loved the latter from her ſtriking reſemblance to you! They behaved with great vivacity, and a jeu d'eſprit of mine, which for your amuſement I will relate to you, ſeemed to pleaſe them not a little. Miſs K. obſerved that ſhe wiſhed the gentleman, who came with her to carry her as it was rather dirty. He replied that "he did not chuſe to carry a *baggage.*" "Sir," ſaid I, "you might have found a more polite and ſatisfactory excuſe; you might have told the lady, that let her go wherever ſhe pleaſed, ſhe could never want *ſupport!*" To day, I dined at S—— ſtreet. I wiſh I were ſo ſettled as never to be under the neceſſity of viſiting them again! Returning to town I ſought for

ſhelter and for conſolation in the retirement of my own heart. There I found you enthroned, with all the majeſty of power ſupreme, and bowing to your abſolute dominion, took my pen to offer you the willing homage of a faithful ſubject, and pay obedience to my gracious queen.

Remembering the pleaſing taſk which you impoſed upon me, I obey your "high commands," and encloſed herewith ſend you a tranſlation of

BERINI AND MELISSA,

OR

AN ABRIDGED HISTORY OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AND LADY.

THE revolutions which took place in England, at the concluſion of James the ſecond's reign, were followed by ſome peculiar events, a relation of which might, perhaps, intereſt the public almoſt as much as the misfortunes of this ill-fated prince: but as its curioſity is more powerfully excited by the diſtinguiſhed rank of individuals, than by their particular opinions, its attention

is attracted only by great and illuſtrious names, and it ſeldom turns aſide to the contemplation of leſs important concerns. Of this kind are the adventures of My Lord Berini; whoſe life was croſſed by a thouſand accidents, and at length terminated by a death highly glorious, in as much as it was in the ſervice of his prince; but whoſe perſon was obſcure, as he bore no part in the ſcenes which were repreſented on the theatre of Great Britain. 'Tis true that he was of an illuſtrious family and title; that his merit was conſiderable; that he was handſome, rich, gallant, courageous, honeſt, and polite; but theſe qualifications may be ſaid to have been, as it were, extinguiſhed in the fatal overthrow of the Engliſh throne.

At the time when he made his firſt public appearance, he might have been about twenty-ſix years of age. His family honours, and the reputation of his father procured him diſtinction at court, and the charms of his perſon inſpired moſt of the ladies with the hope of making a conqueſt. But fate had not yet decreed, and his heart reſiſted all their efforts. Beſides, he

had an intimate friend, a young nobleman, whoſe character and diſpoſition were averſe from the intrigues of love; and his company preſerved him for a long time in this ſtate of indifference. At length, however, an accidental interview with a beautiful female, arrived at London, fixed his affections. She was a young lady of the ancient Engliſh nobility; inferior, indeed, in birth and fortune to my lord, but in return, her wit and beauty, were incomparable. Her mother, who had buſineſs at court, brought her there, that ſhe might imbibe that air and thoſe manners which are to be acquired only by an acquaintance with the faſhionable world. It is univerſally agreed that the Engliſh court is the moſt brilliant and magnificent in Europe; and that, for beauty, the city of London is inferior only to that of Paris. This young lady was conſtantly with her mother, whoſe company ſupplied the place of every other perſon. She made acquaintance, however, with a lady, who happened to be a friend of my lord's, and with whom the mother and daughter were one evening invited to ſupper. Here it was that this young nobleman, for the firſt time, ſaw her.

Nothing could equal his ſurpriſe when he found himſelf more ſenſibly moved, than ever he had been by the moſt beautiful ladies of the court, the number of whom it may be ſuppoſed was not inconſiderable. From this moment, with an anxious ſolicitude, he ſought an opportunity of ſeeing and converſing with her; and at length hearing that ſhe often went to Madame de —— he flattered himſelf with the hope of finding ſome happy minute, when he might declare to her the ſentiments of his heart. This induced him to pay frequent viſits to this Madame —— by whom he was much eſteemed. His redoubled aſſiduities ſoon led this lady to ſuſpect his deſigns. She pretended, however, not to perceive them that he might be at full liberty to purſue his intentions. The reſt of the world was not ſo diſcreet, and his conduct ſoon became the ſubject of converſation at court. He bore their railleries with compoſure, and his heart, indifferent to the public opinion, was wholly ingroſſed with its favourite object. In the mean time, this young lady's firſt public aſſembly took place. In London, as at Paris, this day is uſually devoted by lovers to acts of gal-

lantry which are ſhewn either by offering noſegays or copies of verſes to their favourite ladies. On this occaſion, my lord wrote his firſt letter*, and in order to avoid the hazard of an immediate explanation, which might produce conſequences fatal to his love, he aſſumed the ſtile of a young lady, calling himſelf her friend, and pouring forth without heſitation his violent paſſion in the ſtrongeſt terms, yet nevertheleſs ſuitable to his ſuppoſed ſex. The young lady, however, penetrated through the diſguiſe, and diſcovered a lover, concealed under the maſk of a ſuppoſed female friend. Love is not unfrequently miſtaken on theſe occaſions, as he could not ſo completely cloak himſelf in affected expreſſions as not to betray his purpoſe. She did not, therefore return any anſwer to my lord, who, being beſides informed that his letter had been received, was emboldened to ſend a ſecond, which contained a frank declaration of love, without, however, naming the perſon. Theſe proceedings occaſioned much diſquietude to the young lady, as her heart, already ſtrongly

* See the Correſpondence.

prepoſſeſſed towards my lord, anxiouſly wiſhed that he might prove to be this diſcreet lover whoſe name was thus concealed. To ſatisfy her mind ſhe eagerly ſought an opportunity to procure a ſpecimen of his hand writing; and at length, happily found it at the lady's houſe where ſhe often went to play at cards. Her mother having written a note, deſiring her preſence to ſupper at the king's table, ſhe requeſted my lord to ſubſcribe a few words, at the bottom of this billet, aſſuring her mother of her compliance, under the plauſible pretext of not interrupting the game, out of reſpect to the perſons who formed the party. The diſcovery, which, by this means ſhe made of the author of the declaration, which had been made to her a few days before, ſo much affected her that a ſudden paleneſs overſpread her face. Her eyes appeared inflamed; her countenance became confuſed, and my lord perceiving by this change that the myſtery of his love was unveiled; nevertheleſs, uncertain whether to hope or fear, pretended not to notice the ſtrange effect which this diſcovery had produced on the lady.

P. S. Accept my dear love, this for the preſent, and rely on a ſpeedy continuation. I ſhall be happy to hear from you that this came ſafe to hand; fail not, therefore, to favour me with an immediate reply. It is now Friday morning, and I have only to add, that yeſterday I dined and drank tea at Mr. M——'s, in Groſvenor-ſtreet, and experienced their uſual kindneſs and hoſpitality.—Adieu, dear girl, and may Heaven bleſs you!

GALERIO.

Nov. 6, 1801,

LETTER III.

NERISSA TO GALERIO.

AGREEABLY to your requeſt I take my pen, not only to inform you that your letter came ſafe to hand, but, likewiſe, to aſſure you, that it was anxiouſly wiſhed and gladly received, as it contained the joyful intelligence of your ſafety, after, as you have expreſſed, "a perilous journey!" It muſt have been but too true: for never ſurely was known a more dreadful hurricane both of "wind and rain!" Expoſed to all the ſtorm! benighted! as you muſt have been,—and a ſtranger to the road! When I picture the horrid ſcene to my imagination, I ſhudder to think of what you muſt inevitably have ſuffered! With great agitation and alarm did I paſs the remainder of the evening after

your departure.—What ſtill more encreaſed my terror, as it proved the violence of the wind, was, that a large willow tree, which ſtood in the garden, was blown down! Methought it ſeemed an evil omen, and to portend ſome fatal accident. Thus was I bereft of my old friend, and the conſtant companion of my ſolitary hours.—When not prevented by the weather, often did I viſit the ſpot on which this favourite ſtood, and ſhaded by its leaves have ſat, and with a book indulged myſelf in this charming elyſium. In this retreat I could fancy myſelf in an enchanted iſland, ſo remote does it appear from all the noiſe and buſtle of the world! Not a houſe nor human creature to be ſeen—nought breaks on the profound ſilence which reigns —ſave the warbling of the dear little birds, proceeding from an aviary that is ſituated on one ſide, the ſoft murmuring of the trees, and the gentle purling of an adjoining rivulet.

I was happy to learn that you received ſome amuſement from the ladies the other evening at B—— ſtreet, I admire the ſingu-

larity of your ſtrolling there, not as it would ſeem ſo much from choice, but not knowing whither to direct your courſe.

With a hope that in all your moments of mirth, you will never neglect that greateſt of all human bleſſings "health."—I remain,

NERISSA,

P.S. I was very much pleaſed and gratified with the tranſlation, and ſhall be greatly obliged by a continuance.

Permettez moi de vous faire ſouvenir de l'avis que vous m'avez donné en François, et de vous prier de ne point oublier les bons préceptes, que vous m'avez vous même inculqués. Je trouve que vos précautions ſont abſolument néceſſaires pendant toute la vie; car il me chagrine de dire mais il n'eſt que trop vrai que la confiance eſt frequemment abuſée. Je parle par l'experience amere que j'en ai faite! Encore une fois.—Adieu.

LETTER IV.

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Saturday Morning,
Eleven o'Clock.

MY DEAR AND LOVELY GIRL!

SWEET as the ſight of a ſafe and welcome haven to the long loſt mariner, and refreſhing as the gentle ſhowers that fall on Arabia's arid coaſt, was the letter that came from my love! But oh! how ſhort! how unſatisfactory, how abrupt! What! were the few lines you ſent, all that could be ſpared from the claims of friendſhip, the charms of ſocial converſe, or the important avocations of the toilet? Could not the cold ſuggeſtions of prudence or the timid reſerve of female diffidence allow one tender expreſſion, or one frank avowal of affection? Alas, I need them much! My reſtleſs ſpirit, impatient of this

dull delay, frets and repines even to very ſickneſs, and forms a thouſand wild and incoherent plans, all equally impracticable and uncertain! And yet I thank you, moſt ſincerely thank you; for your kind remembrance! How often did I trace each line, each word, each letter, till my fond fancy almoſt made me think I ſaw and heard you ſpeak! In a tranſport of joy I kiſſed the ſacred impreſſion that concealed your treaſured ſentiments, and then with rude impatience, haſtily tore open the billet, that I might read its dear contents! Yes it was, indeed, a perilous night when laſt I left your village! Scarce was I equal to the conteſt; for you know I left my heart behind!

And ſo! your favourite willow was blown down in the ſtorm? Now by your "own dear ſelf," I ſoftly ſwear, I think the "powers above" are kind, when leaſt we do ſuppoſe it. Old Æolus has taken my part! He ſaw that this weeping, downcaſt, modeſt tree, monopoliſed much of your time and affection. Like a truſty friend, he, therefore, rouſed himſelf

in my behalf and "whiſtled" this hated rival to the ground! Yet if with orphan fears, you ſeek ſome friendly ſhelter from the pelting ſtorm of life; I'll be the oak that ſhall protect my tender ivy; within my boſom ſhall you reſt ſecure, and in my wide extended arms find ſafety and repoſe!

You wrong me when you aſſociate my name with mirth! Good heavens! have any paſſages in either of my letters conveyed the idea of my being merry? I thought the expreſſions "ſtricken deer," "ſick and ſad at heart," "tears in my eyes" and "melancholy wanderer," had been a ſufficient, index both of my countenance and my mind! I believe, I ſtated that ſome few remarks of mine had given "pleaſure to others;" but my haſty retirement is a proof that I experienced none in return! I ſeldom ſee the D. and "cet homme" behaves more rudely and inſolently than ever. The "Shepherd" ſometimes ventures to addreſs me, but with evident fear and conſtraint. Mr. Danvers has been ill, but is now recovered. I made

my enquiries by a perſonal viſit and was kindly received. Miſs Fanny Queen ſtopped me one day at Denmark, to enquire how Neriſſa was? I felt flattered by the queſtion and anſwered with what is now become rare with me, a ſmile, that ſhe was well when laſt I heard of her. The "next door neighbours" I never ſee.

My life, is at preſent, tedious, uniform and dull, having no amuſement ſave my ſtudies; ſo that I am literally, buried alive. Would you were here, to hail my joyful "reſurrection" and yield me conſolation! Adieu! dear girl, and believe me ſincerely your's,

GALERIO.

November 14, 1801.

THE LOVES OF BERINI AND MELISSA,

CONTINUED.

He no longer heſitated, therefore, to write to her, in his own name, without further diſguiſe, and in ſuch a manner as fully con-

vinced her of his ſincerity and affection: two qualifications, which as every one knows, go a great way towards the eſtabliſhment of a cloſer intimacy. She felt a ſenſible pleaſure in the flattering belief that ſhe was loved by the very man in the world whom ſhe wiſhed: nevertheleſs, that ſhe might not incur the hazard of being deceived, which too often happens, when we anxiouſly expect any happineſs; ſhe received his declaration with apparent ſeverity, which, for a long time, made my lord, deſpair of ſucceſs. Overcome, however, at length by his perſeverance and alarmed by a dangerous illneſs, which ſeized her lover; ſhe could not refuſe him the ſatisfaction of reading the ſecrets of her heart, in which he diſcovered a tenderneſs equal to his warmeſt wiſhes! As his malady was chiefly owing to the fears and anxieties, which he felt from the apparent coldneſs and neglect of this amiable lady, who was dearer to him than life itſelf; his health was quickly reſtored, and the ſtate of his heart was diſcernible in the ſudden alteration of his appearance!

From this moment our two lovers were ſoley engroſſed by their mutual attachment. Each day their love encreaſed. Their looks, the ſighs that oft eſcaped them, proved their ardent, their reciprocal affection. My lord requeſted permiſſion to viſit her and obtained it by conſent of the mother, who conſidered it as a great advantage for her daughter to receive the addreſſes of a nobleman of his high birth; who, to diſtinguiſhed rank, added an opulent fortune. The difference of their religious opinions, however, ſeemed to preſent an obſtacle to his view. The young lady was a catholic, and my lord, of the Engliſh communion. The parents of the latter, on this account, would never be brought to conſent to their union, excluſive of the inequality of their condition. So that in the ſequel Madam de —— the mother of his miſtreſs, forbid my lord's viſits to her houſe, for fear of public reports, and to prevent thoſe injurious ſuſpicions, which a beautiful young woman has every reaſon to apprehend. In ſpite, however, of the mother's vigilance and ſeverity, the lovers often

met in private, and their pleaſures were the ſweeter, if the common adage be true, that "thoſe, which are ſtolen, are the moſt flattering, both to the heart and to the underſtanding." Their aſſignations were diſcovered by her ſiſter, who had been married at London, and at whoſe houſe, Madame —— and her youngeſt daughter had come to reſide. The mother, in conſequence of this information, redoubled her precautions, and my lord as ſtrenuouſly exerted himſelf to obtain the favour of this vigilant and ſcrutiniſing ſiſter. In which, at length, he happily ſucceeded. So that he eluded the penetration of Madame —— with ſo much the more facility, as ſhe had placed an additional confidence in the virtue of the eldeſt, whoſe character ſhe relied on, from her having given her the firſt intelligence of the ſecret intimacy that ſubſiſted between her ſiſter and my lord. This intimacy was at length betrayed to the world. A nobleman of diſtinguiſhed character, like my Lord Berini, could ſcarcely hope to eſcape the obſervation of the numerous domeſtics which ſurrounded him.

His actions are too much the ſubject of converſation, not to attract public attention; and a beautiful young woman is always an object of jealouſy with thoſe of her ſex, who wiſh themſelves to be diſtinguiſhed on that account. The reſult was, that theſe two lovers became the general ſubject of converſation at court, and in the city, and excited the murmurs of a great number of perſons, who animated with a religious fury, could not endure that an Engliſh nobleman ſhould attach himſelf to a young lady of the Romiſh perſuaſion, or, as it is called in this kingdom, a papiſt!

From this period, which firſt gave to the world the knowledge of their mutual attachment, may we date the commencement of thoſe misfortunes which accompanied them in their progreſs, and terminated only with their lives! Every one was againſt them, friends, relations, parents, nay, even the ſtate itſelf, and the adminiſtration.

But of thoſe who exerted their utmoſt to prevent this union, their moſt dangerous ene-

my, was the Counteſs of D——, whoſe birth, fortune, and connexion with the firſt families in England, elevated her mind and inflated her with pride. When my lord firſt entered into the world, he paid his reſpects to her, without any intereſted motives. His relations, who eagerly wiſhed his union with that lady, endeavoured afterwards to perſuade him to redouble his attentions; but his heart was never in uniſon with theſe forced civilities; politics were his only motives. So ſoon, therefore, as his heart was really ſtricken with the charms of the before-mentioned young lady, he abruptly ceaſed his viſits to the Counteſs of D——, as not caring to mingle politics and love. She was alarmed at this change; a ſecret preſage aſſured her that my lord loved another. She had flattered herſelf that ſhe had won him, and had actually miſtaken his aſſiduities for the effects of a growing paſſion, to which his heart was delivering itſelf involuntarily and unperceived. A violent jealouſy ſeized the Counteſs. She ſet a ſpy on my lord, and diſcovered his intimacy with Mademoiſelle Meliſſa.

One evening, when there was a ball at court, ſhe was informed that theſe two lovers were together. She immediately went, in a tranſport of rage, more eaſily imagined than deſcribed. This rage was redoubled at the ſight of my lord and Mademoiſelle Meliſſa, who, not fearing a rival, whom they did not even ſuſpect, gave themſelves up to the exquiſite ſatisfaction of mutual affection, and enjoyed, without the leaſt apprehenſion, the pleaſure of a converſation, where the language of the heart and eyes ſuperſeded the faculty of ſpeech, and ſupplied the place of formal proteſtations. Scarcely could the Counteſs reſtrain her fury. Often was ſhe upon the point of interrupting them; but reaſon preſerved its aſcendency in this firſt rencounter. After they had gone down three or four dances, ſhe ſuffered them to depart peaceably together. Agitated with the moſt violent jealouſy, the Counteſs formed a deſign to deſtroy them: but ſtill feeling a lingering partiality for my lord, ſhe tried to recal him by the aſſiſtance of his parents, whom ſhe excited againſt him on account of

his attachment to a woman every way unworthy of his alliance. She afterwards meditated an interview with himſelf; but hearing that he expreſſed only a contempt for her; pride, paſſion, and malevolence, urged her to a reſolution the moſt barbarous that could poſſibly enter into the mind of the moſt infuriated woman. She knew that my lord went almoſt every evening to ſup with Mademoiſelle Meliſſa and did not leave her till very late. Several aſſaſſins whom ſhe had poſted at the corner of the ſtreet, ſuddenly attacked him. By the aſſiſtance of two faithful ſervants, who accompanied him to the place of meeting, he defended himſelf, ſlew ſome of them, wounded others, and put the reſt to flight.

P. S. Sunday morning, I juſt detain my letter to inform you, that having heard that a "lame gentleman," from Bow-ſtreet, had remonſtrated with the D. for permitting you to walk out with me, and obſerved, that I

was always kiſſing you in the ſtreets: and meeting this "buſy body" a few days ago, I coolly bowed to him; and, notwithſtanding his efforts to detain me in converſation, I paſſed on, without ſhewing him any farther attention! Adieu.

GALERIO.

Pray write to me, and a very long letter, either in French or Engliſh

LETTER V.

NERISSA TO GALERIO.

November 26, 1801.

DAY ſucceeds day, yet ſtill I linger and delay writing to you,—nor do I think I ſhould venture to give a ſecond offence by my —"ſhort,"—"unſatisfactory,"—and "abrupt lines,"—did I not fear, by your requeſt to hear from me, that you will expect and wait a letter, 'ere you again favour me with the continuation of "Berini and Meliſſa," or ſuſpect that I have not received your's,—which I did not 'till Tueſday night, the 17th inſtant, though dated the 14th. Since then I have written to my Denmark neighbours. I thank you for the book and alſo the tranſlation—with reſpect to the epiſtle,

I have only to add that I think you were not in the moſt "happy temper of mind" when you wrote, or you would not have paſſed ſo ſevere a critique on my "billet;" but with a more favourable eye have glanced over its contents, and have pitied, not blamed me for the imperfections, your quickneſs of diſcernment enabled you to diſcover. I am chagrined, when I reflect, that I rarely either ſpeak, act, or write congenial with your ideas. Even the inconſiderate word "mirth" has cauſed your diſpleaſure. I am ſorry you entertain not a better opinion of me, than to ſuppoſe I could be angry if you did experience a tranſient pleaſure! No! I would not, if I thought you derived comfort from any ſource whatever, exult in its deprivation! Nor if you had built "happineſs" on ſo poor a trifle as a "tree," wiſh that "Æolus" would "rouſe himſelf" and "whiſtle your only conſolation to the ground!" On the contrary, I would ſimpathize in your loſs, and endeavour to raiſe another prop to enſure you content, though feeble and perhaps vain would be my efforts! But

what can equal the delight of contributing to the promotion of another's welfare!

With what words? What language can I addreſs you? Since it is not in my power either to amuſe you by the communication of intelligence, nor afford you that conſolation you require. For if I trace back the paſt, does one ray of aught deſirable beam on the retroſpect? And if I look forward to the future, does not one dull void pourtray the aſpect before us, and preſent to our view a dark and bewildering ſcene? But whither am I wandering? Should I not attempt to remove the gloomy appearance, and exert myſelf to raiſe your drooping ſpirits? Alas! I know not how!

I am inclined to imagine that your "guardian genius" has deſerted you, as you now never make mention of him. Or rather has he not left you to convey information to me, and aſſumed the borrowed form of a bird, the better to be diſguiſed? For of late ſuch a little echoing creature re-echoes to

my ear what is paſſing in D—— ſtreet, and ſometimes your name is blended with the ſound.

In conſequence of the ill behavour of "cet homme" he has abruptly quitted the D. Quel miſanthrope! Il eſt un ſecond "Timon" ſans avoir eu, comme lui, les mêmes cauſes d'ainſi maltraite le monder! mon précepteur—Monſieur M—— ſpends whole days with the D. in order to aſſiſt him. Here we find a good and worthy character! ever benevolent! and willing to oblige! The three princeſſes of Denmark are attired in ſable garments, for the winter ſeaſon, not from neceſſity but choice. They were to have had a large party ſometime paſt; but declare that unleſs I can form one they will not, though I have particularly requeſted they would not let my abſence from town be an impediment. Amiable girls! If I were their ſiſter they could not behave with more kindneſs, attention, and affection! I in return feel a ſiſterly regard for them! A. S. will, I fancy ſoon be no more! Yet ſhe has given me reaſon

to hope ſhe will ſurvive 'till I can behold her ariſe in full glory, and attain the title of "queen," when I ſhall wiſh to ſee her crowned with all the "bleſſings of life!" and as happy as ſhe merits!

That you may be in a more good natured frame of mind, when you receive this, than you were when you read the laſt, is the ſincere wiſh of

NERISSA.

LETTER VI.

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Thurſday Night,
Eight o'Clock.

AT length I have received your laſt favour, to which I ſend an immediate reply. It would appear, from your own declarations, that ſome unfortunate expreſſions, contained in my laſt letter, gave offence, and that you were determined to puniſh me by deferring your anſwer. Nor would you, as you obſerve, have, again, indulged me; but from your wiſh to be gratified with a continuation of the Loves of Berini and Meliſſa. If Puniſhment was the object, your end has been fully anſwered: for I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that, after waiting ſome days in anxious impatience to hear from you, my feelings, at

length became almoſt too acute to be borne. My mind was wrought up to a moſt painful ſtate of uncertainty and ſuſpence, and when on returning home, and in anſwer to repeated enquiries, I was conſtantly informed that "no letter had arrived," my ſwelling heart ſeemed as it would burſt its cheerleſs manſion, and I retired to vent my ſorrow in ſecret, and weep over each daily diſappointment. Sometimes I feared my letter had miſcarried or never reached your hands, and ſomtimes my ſoul ſickened with the dreadful apprehenſion that you were ill! Often, did I lament the diſtance between us, and as often curſe the cruel policy that has ſeparated us from each other. When I took my packet to the inn, the coach was at the door. It ſeemed to invite the willing paſſenger. I was ſtrongly tempted to leap into it, and but for an engagement of honour that imperiouſly ſummoned me to K——, and my being rather en deſhabille, L—— would have had me for its viſitor, and you again have witneſſed a raſh intruder. I ſtood deliberating, and eagerly ſurveying the vehicle, 'till

the troubleſome enquiries of the coachman, who doubtleſs wondered at my vacant looks and motionleſs attitude, rouſed me from my reverie. I turned reluctantly from the ſpot, and with a heavy ſigh, haſtened on my journey.

I rejoice that your "Denmark neighbours" have not excited your "reſentment or chagrin," but on the contrary have experienced your "repeated" attentions. Certainly, they muſt have deſerved it: as I know you are a friend of juſtice, and are always anxious to acquit yourſelf of every obligation!

As the "tranſlation" is more acceptable to you than any "original" communication that I can offer, I will, for the future, confine my obſervations within narrower limits, and purſue my allotted taſk to an encreaſed extent; happy, if, in complying with your wiſhes, I can, in this inſtance, at leaſt, contribute to your amuſement, or afford you any pleaſure. It will, alſo, be neceſſary for me, in what I may have occaſion to write, to avoid mingling with my remarks any

"friendly remonſtrance," "gentle reproof," or "good natured raillery," left unfortunately that which was but meant as jeſt, ſhould be miſtaken for earneſt; and the tender emotions of a heart overflowing with ſincere affection be conſidered evident ſymptoms of a ſplenetic and ill tempered diſpoſition! But, tis no matter! I proffered the "oak" and you preferred "to wear the willow."

My writing is irregular and incoherent, becauſe it is the language of my heart! A heart torn with conflicting paſſions, the moſt powerful of which is love! I am ſufficiently within the ſphere of its influence to feel its torments. Heaven, only, knows whether any of its pleaſures will ever be experienced by

GALERIO.

November 14, 1801.

THE LOVES OF BERINI AND MELISSA,

CONTINUED.

Two days previous to this tranſaction Meliſſa was warned by a frightful dream of

his approaching danger. She, therefore, entreated my lord to defer for awhile his viſits, and to ceaſe his evening's aſſignations. He, on the contrary, conſidered night as the moſt favourable time, to avoid ſuſpicion and elude the jealous vigilance of the counteſs; who, ſtricken with remorſe for her own conduct, and charmed with the bravery which my lord had evinced in this perilous encounter, repreſſed awhile her hatred, encouraged her affection, and hoped, by her unceaſing attentions, to woo him, once more, to her charms. Flattered with this deluſive idea, ſhe ſought an opportunity to converſe with him; overwelmed him with the moſt tender proteſtations and afterwards reproaching him with his ingratitude, at length joined to her own intreaties, the ſolicitations of his friends, the authority of his parents, and particularly, of his father, whom ſhe prevailed upon to threaten his ſon that he would diſcard him, if, within eight days, he did not put an end to all further intimacy with Mademoiſelle Meliſſa. This ſudden and unforeſeen blow, overwelmed our lovers with

ſorrow; but did not ſhake their conſtancy. Their paſſion was too powerful to be either ſubdued or extinguiſhed. They now no longer ſaw each other, but their affection only encreaſed the more. My lord paid no attention either to his fortune or to the menaces of his family, being ſolely occupied with the idea of his beloved miſtreſs. He was anxious to convince her of his love by the moſt eſſential and ſubſtantial proofs; and Meliſſa, on her ſide, attentive only to her lord's welfare, whoſe misfortunes ſhe felt more ſenſibly even than himſelf, was deſirous of ſacrificing her love to his intereſt; and reproaching herſelf as the cauſe of all the menaces and perſecutions to which his perſeverance had expoſed him; earneſtly conjured him, in her letters, to forget her, and even to marry the counteſs, if, by this marriage, he could hope to reſtore tranquillity and re-eſtabliſh his affairs. But my lord, more ſenſibly affected by the injuſtice done to him by Meliſſa, in believing him capable of liſtening, for a moment, to ſuch ſuggeſtions, than by all the perſecutions of his

enemies, broke forth into the moſt paſſionate exclamations, accuſes her of a change of ſentiment; attributes her diſintereſted regard to inconſtancy, and fully perſuaded by his own feelings, that the greateſt calamity we can experience is to be deprived of thoſe we love, draws the ſad and precipitate concluſion that he is no longer the object of her affection.

Full of theſe tormenting ideas, my lord formed a deſign of carrying her off. She at firſt oppoſed his ſcheme with every argument that her tenderneſs could ſuggeſt; repreſenting to him the fatal conſequences that might enſue, at the expence of his fortune, his honour, nay, even his life; gently hinting to him, at the ſame time, the hazard which ſhe herſelf might incur of loſing her reputation, becoming the ſubject of public calumny, and perhaps cauſing the death of her mother, by whom ſhe was tenderly beloved. All theſe reaſons, however, quickly yielded to her ardent attachment for my lord, whoſe inclinations ſhe could not reſiſt. They made the neceſſary

preparations to quit England, and ſafely arrived in France, by favour of the night, in a ſmall veſſel, well equipped, the pilot of which my lord had gained over to his views. Their firſt intention was to go and pay their reſpects to the King and Queen of England, at the palace of St. Germain's, which Louis the Great had aſſigned for their court; but, after ſeriouſly reflecting on the uncertainty of human events, they judged it more prudent to remain at Paris, than to take a ſtep which, at the preſent conjuncture, could be of no ſervice, and which, in future, might be dangerous, if King James ſhould be incapable of recovering his kingdom, and regaining the hearts of his ſubjects. This point being determined, the next conſideration was what would be the beſt mode of conduct for my lord to purſue. Mademoiſelle Meliſſa, inſpired with a love of true glory, repreſented to him, that a nobleman of his diſtinguiſhed character ought to ſacrifice ſomething to the intereſts of his honour; and however painful it were to herſelf and her happineſs, which ſolely conſiſted in being always in his pre-

ſence, it was abſolutely neceſſary for him to enter the French ſervice, in order that he might, afterwards, have it in his power to give proofs of his fidelity to his ſovereign, if ever he ſhould re-aſcend the Engliſh throne; or if, on the contrary, fortune ſhould prove unfavourable to this prince, his enemies might not have it in their power to injure him, by accuſing him before King William of having borne arms againſt this new monarch. Thus he would have an opportunity of carrying on the war without appearing to act in behalf of his dethroned ſovereign. My lord, therefore, procured a commiſſion in the French army, and ſet out to take the command, after marrying Mademoiſelle Meliſſa, with as much magnificence as could be expected in the preſent diſtracted ſtate of his affairs.

This young lady, whom we ſhall henceforward call Madame de Berini, had but ill examined her own heart, when ſhe gave this advice to her huſband. Her love for him, ever the ruling principle of her mind, ſoon

rendered her ſenſible of the miſeries of ſeparation. She could not reconcile it to her heart; but continually reproached herſelf with being the ſole cauſe. Her intreaties to her huſband that he would return, were inceſſant, and her letters filled his mind with anguiſh and deſpair, by the ſorrowful expreſſions and preſſing importunities which they contained. He could no longer reſiſt, but left the army, in conſequence of hearing that her grief had affected her whole frame, and that his lady was dangerouſly ill. They who have experienced the pangs of abſence may readily conceive the pleaſure that attended their meeting. My lord, ſtill a lover, tho' become a huſband, endeavoured to ſoothe and conſole his dear wife, by bidding her reflect on the abſolute neceſſity which ſhe, herſelf, had formerly ſhewn of his leaving her for a time; by ſincere proteſtations of his eternal love, and by the moſt ſolemn aſſurances that he would willingly renounce every thing for her ſake. Here let us pauſe, and ſuffer our two lovers mutually to comfort each other for their paſt misfortunes, by the hap-

pineſs of their preſent meeting, while we turn to the new croſſes which their evil fortune was preparing to throw in their way, by the jealouſy of two individuals, and the conſequences of which we are now about to relate.

Of all the paſſions which afflict the human mind, jealouſy is the moſt cruel and inſupportable. Pernicious and fatal alike to its poſſeſſor and to its unhappy object, it blindly carries vengeance and tortures into thoſe hearts whom it governs. The counteſs, who loved my Lord Berini to diſtraction, could never render herſelf beloved in return. She heard of his departure with a tranſport of rage, which quickly inſpired her with a deſign not leſs barbarous than the late attempted aſſaſſination. It was to paſs over to France, on ſome pretence, in order to watch, like an infernal demon, for a favourable opportunity of tormenting my lord and his beloved miſtreſs, who, as we have already related, was now become his wife! She chanced to meet at court, with a nobleman, of ſimilar diſpo-

ſitions, the Chevalier B——, who, ill-ſatisfied with the preſent ſtate of the Engliſh government, wiſhed to remove from the hatred of the miniſter, without any views, either in favour of King James, or ſtill leſs on account of religion.

In the courſe of their frequent converſations, ſhe diſcovered that he had once loved this Meliſſa, who had juſt been carried off, and who was now become a ſtill more dangerous rival, as ſhe had no longer left the leaſt hope of a change in the ſentiments of my lord. The counteſs awakened in the heart of the chevalier his half extinguiſhed paſſion, lighted up the dying embers of his flame, and, without ceremony, revealed to him a part of the fatal deſign ſhe had conceived againſt theſe two lovers. The counteſs and the chevalier immediately croſſed over to France. The latter, after paying his reſpects to the Engliſh king and queen, at St. Germain's, fixed his abode at Paris, whence he often went to pay his court to their majeſties. The former followed the ſame plan, under a more

ſpecious pretext, as ſhe was the relation of Madame, the Counteſs of Gramont, whoſe acquaintance and friendſhip ſhe cultivated with redoubled zeal. Their firſt care was to find out my Lord Berini, which they eaſily effected, by means of ſome Engliſh nobility at the court of St. Germain's, where he had made himſelf known ſince his employment in the French ſervice. The chevalier paid him a viſit, as a mark of politeneſs, but in reality with a deſign of obſerving his domeſtics; and of ſeeing whether he could not find among them a wretch capable of betraying his fidelity and his maſter, for the ſake of gold. A maid ſervant belonging to Madame Berini, was at length gained over by the offers of the Chevalier B———, and began her infamous treachery, by acquainting him, that in a ſhort time my lord was to return to the army, and that he was gone to St. Germain's upon ſome buſineſs which would detain him a few days. The counteſs and the chevalier eagerly ſeized an opportunity ſo favourable for the execution of their project. They cauſed an amorous billet to be written to

Madame Berini, in which a pretended lover thanked her for the promiſe, which he ſaid, ſhe had given him, for an aſſignation with her during her huſband's abſence, and expreſſed his ſorrow that ſome unexpected obſtacle had prevented him from fulfilling his engagement. This letter was given to the chamber-maid by a ſtranger, and according to the directions given to her, ſhe placed it unſealed upon the bureau, in her miſtreſs' bedchamber, juſt before my lord's entrance; his wife having already retired to reſt, on account of the weakneſs ſtill remaining after her late illneſs. My lord ſeated himſelf in a chair at the bedſide, to give her an account of the ſucceſs of his journey to St. Germain's, and riſing afterwards, to go to the drawers, perceived this letter on the bureau. Far from, in the leaſt, ſuſpecting its contents, his heart, nevertheleſs, ſeemed to be ſtruck with a ſecret preſentiment, which he, in vain, attempted to repreſs. He knew that Madame Berini had formed no intimacy at Paris, and had not the leaſt acquaintance with the Engliſh court, where ſhe had never

even ſhewn herſelf. This ſtruck him with the more ſurpriſe on ſeeing a letter with her addreſs, and which appeared to have been read. With trembling hands, he ſeized the fatal paper. His curioſity, joined to his uneaſineſs, made him haſtily run over its contents. Several times he peruſed it, incapable either of believing what he read, or of removing his eyes from that which he wiſhed he had never ſeen. Madame Berini, who knew not the ſource of his uneaſineſs, nor had the leaſt ſuſpicion that ſhe herſelf could be the cauſe, naturally ſurveyed her huſband with all the frankneſs of a heart undiſturbed by ſelf-reproach, ſuppoſing the letter, which he was reading to have been intended for him; but ſeeing that he turned pale, and his wild looks, evidently betrayed ſymptoms of extreme agitation, ſhe anxiouſly enquired the reaſon; fearing that his affairs, in England, were embarraſſed, or that quitting the army had brought him into ſome trouble, on account of his engagements with the French court, whoſe favors he had hoped to obtain. But if the ſurpriſe of my lord

was exceſſive in diſcovering the ſuppoſed perfidy of his wife, how inconceivable muſt have been the aſtoniſhment of this unfortunate lady, when ſhe ſaw him abruptly leave the room, without uttering a ſingle word; pouring forth the heavieſt ſighs, and darting on her, as he paſſed, looks full of ſorrow and diſmay.

Thurſday Morning,
Ten o'Clock.

P. S. A week has now elapſed ſince I began this letter. To account for this need only a few obſervations. The letter was immediately written and finiſhed after the receipt of your's, and dated at the period of its commencement. The tranſlation was continued at ſubſequent intervals; juſt as my leiſure or avocations would permit. It will be recollected, that I can ſcarcely be reputed the maſter of my own time and actions, and that much of them both is neceſſarily devoted to the beſt and moſt effectual means of procuring actual ſubſiſtence.

LETTER VII.

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Sunday Morning.

IF, ſometimes, I am ſo unfortunate as not to keep pace with your wiſhes, I may, at others, perhaps, anticipate your expectations and ſupply my defects. In proportion as the "Loves of Berini and Meliſſa" proceed, they increaſe in intereſt, and you muſt naturally be deſirous of a continuation. Without waiting, therefore, for the etiquette of a reply, or the formality of a ſummons—without either challenging your obſervations, or requiring your acknowledgements, I purſue my allotted taſk; the more willingly, as my heart ſympathiſes with thoſe ſufferings which ſeem but a

counterpart of my own; and the lines I have ſubſcribed to particular paſſages appear, with a few ſlight variations, to be exact parallels of my own ill-fated life and adventures.—But I have other reaſons for haſtening the concluſion of this melancholy tale. My affairs are rapidly hurrying to a "criſis," beyond which all will be darkneſs and uncertainty; and while leiſure is yet permitted, I am anxious to complete my labours and fulfil my engagements. In the way of intelligence I have little to add, ſince my laſt communications. Excepting when neceſſity or duty has urged me to "walk abroad," my life has been conſtantly endured at home. Once I have been to Highgate; and a few evenings ago I was at Mr. H——'s, who politely enquired of your welfare, and whether you were in town? "Cet homme" ſtill continues his rude and inſolent behaviour; but I am engroſſed with more important conſiderations than either to feel or notice his malicious efforts.

Excuſe theſe few haſty and ill-written lines, and believe that wherever, or whatever, I be,

the ardent and ſincere affection borne towards you can end only with the exiſtence of

GALERIO.

December 6, 1804.

P. S. I was to have taken tea with the D. laſt night, but being indiſpoſed, I could not go. I have heard, but know not whether it be true, that you are to be in town on the 21ſt. I ſincerely wiſh you may enjoy what I fear I ſhall not, "a merry chriſtmas and a happy new year.—Adieu.

THE LOVES OF BERINI AND MELISSA,

CONTINUED.

Her weak ſtate rendered her incapable of following him to his cloſet, the door of which he immediately cloſed. She called her ſervants, and enquired of them concerning the letter which my lord had found upon the bureau; and being unable to obtain any information, ſhe was ſeized with a violent ter-

ror, which was greatly encreaſed upon being told, that he was gone out, and had reſeated himſelf in his poſt chaiſe; leaving one of his ſervants behind, with a note, containing the following expreſſions, which he ordered to be given to her on the next morning.

"FAITHLESS WOMAN,

"I write this to you, with my own hand, "(and it is as though I indited it with my "blood) to bid you an everlaſting farewell. "You, you alone, are the cauſe of my ſeek- "ing a death, leſs cruel than yourſelf."

If Madame Berini had nearly died, in conſequence of having been for a ſhort time deprived of him who was dearer to her than the whole world, we may eaſily conceive what muſt have been her ſituation, when ſhe read theſe words, which not only impeached her fidelity and affection, but threatened her, at the ſame time, with an eternal ſeparation! Her heart was ſeverely wounded by theſe injurious ſuſpicions, while her mind was over-

whelmed with a reſtleſs anxiety to know the cauſe, which ſhe could not trace either from her conduct or converſation. But while Madame Berini was thus cruelly agitated, my lord was no leſs ſo; as a ſad repentance tormented him with continual reflections on the miſerable ſituation to which he had reduced himſelf, in having, for the ſake of a faithleſs woman, quitted his parents, friends, and country; and ſacrificed his fortune, his reputation, and his peace of mind! There were moments when his jealouſy inſpired him with the deſign of ſuddenly returning, under the idea of ſurpriſing his happy rival in the arms of his wife, and ſacrificing them both to his juſt reſentment. But his anger inſtantly yielded to thoſe tender ſuggeſtions, which a heart ſtrongly affected cannot but feel when it is not fully convinced of the guilt of the unhappy delinquent. In this ſtate of mind he was ſtrongly tempted to be revenged on himſelf, by falling on his own ſword, not being able to return to Madame Berini, after the ſuppoſed injuſtice he had done her. At length he tranquillized himſelf by a final reſolution

of ſeeking a glorious death in the diſcharge of his duty, and thus ſatisfying at once both the claims of honour and the mandates of love.

While my lord and his lovely wife, thus ſank under their inſupportable anguiſh, and deplored their unhappy fate; the cruel counteſs triumphed in the ſucceſs of her ſcheme. The maid ſervant, who had become her inſtrument, gave her an account of her perfidy: but this lady, not thinking the anguiſh which theſe two perſons experienced, ſufficiently ſevere, was deſirous of glutting her vengeance by their death, and thus to enjoy a pleaſure of which none but herſelf could be ſuſceptible. She preſſed the Chevalier B—— to ſecond her infamous deſigns, and endeavoured to perſuade him to go into the army, in order to watch a favourable opportunity to aſſaſſinate my lord.—Wicked as he was, this firſt overture of the counteſs, ſtruck the chevalier with horror! But at length his friendſhip for her, his hatred to my lord, and his rage at having been

forſaken, induced him, blindly, to devote himſelf to the purpoſes of this enraged and diſappointed female. Being arrived at the army, he pitched his tent near the king's quarters, in the rear of a Swiſs regiment, with which he had ſome little acquaintance. He immediately made himſelf acquainted with the place where my lord was poſted, and found it very favourable for his purpoſe; my lord, being in the rear of the ſecond line, encamped in the ſkirts of a wood, where the dry ſoil and paſturage had appeared convenient. About three days after, the chevalier perceiving him at the king's quarters, accompanied only with his trumpeter, who carried his cloak, followed him at a little diſtance, muffled up, in his own, My lord, on that night, ſupped with a general officer, and having played a few games after ſupper, retired at a late hour; ſo that the lights of the camp were almoſt extinguiſhed, and every thing ſeemed to favour the fatal project of his enemy. He immediately ſeized the opportunity, came up with my lord, at about two hundred paces from his tent, and

diſcharged a piſtol, which fortunately gave him only a ſlight contuſion on the thigh. He, inſtantly turned on the aſſaſſin, ſword in hand, and was ſucceſsful in his aim; the firſt ſtab paſſing through his loins, and the ſecond piercing through his body. As he fell from his horſe, the chevalier ſent forth a loud cry, and exclaimed, "I am a dead man." Never was aſtoniſhment equal to my lord's; who, on hearing the chevalier's voice, could not poſſibly divine by what ſingular circumſtance, this perſon, with whom he had never quarrelled, ſhould thus ſuddenly have become his enemy and murderer. He immediately alighted and approached the dying perſon, who, without giving him time to interrogate him, ſtretched forth his hand and ſolicited his forgivneſs. My lord, moved with his ill fate, almoſt reproached himſelf, as tho' he had committed a crime; perſuading himſelf, that he never ſought his life; and that there muſt have been ſome miſtake in this fatal rencounter. But he was ſoon undeceived: for in attempting to embrace the chevalier, and expreſs the

ſorrow he felt, in having attacked him without knowing who he was; the latter interrupted him by ſaying, that he was unworthy of ſuch goodneſs, and that he ſhould die in peace, if he would pardon his treachery, and promiſe never to forgive the counteſs of D——, who had been the ſole cauſe of this raſh and wicked attempt. With a feeble voice, he then related the whole affair of the letter, of which he had been the author, in the manner, we have already deſcribed. In the mean time, the trumpeter ran and called my lord's ſervants, who aſſiſted him in carrying the Chevalier B—— to his tent, where, in about an hour afterwards he expired.

Nov. 14, 1801.

P. S. I have juſt returned from S——ſtreet, where I dined and drank tea, and am, as uſual, more depreſſed in ſpirits than I was before I went. It is not *my* home. I have no family; and my friends, where are they?

LETTER VIII.

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Friday Evening,
Nine o'Clock.

ALTHOUGH I have received no anſwer to my two laſt letters, yet as I take for granted that they reached your hands, I continue my taſk, without either a murmur or a complaint. It is ſufficient for me to have once received an intimation, that the "Loves of Borini and Meliſſa" were intereſting to your feelings, to induce me to proceed in this melancholy ſtory. The preſent letter will conclude the narrative, and with its termination, my correſpondence, at leaſt, for a time muſt ceaſe! I will not requeſt of you the needleſs trouble of a reply; as, ſoon after

this have reached you, it will probably be too late!

As it may be the laſt opportunity I ſhall have to addreſs you, I have only in addition to the ſentiments contained in my former letters, to repeat the declaration of my real and undivided attachment to you. An attachment, which at this moment, that I vainly attempt to deſcribe its influence, preſſes heavily on my heart with intolerable anguiſh, and melts me even to childiſh weakneſs. For you alone I ſtrove to recover from a dangerous and painful illneſs; and for you I would willingly die. Yet do not imagine, that I ſeek to extort from you a ſimilar confeſſion, or fetter your independance. No! be free as your own thoughts. My love is too ſincere to make me deſirous of placing the leaſt reſtraint upon your inclination. I am more than half convinced, you ought to leave me. My griefs are infectious; and communicate with all around me. Avoid their baneful influence and come not near this tenement of

woe! My family neglects me, the whole world forsakes, or persecutes, or hates, or envies me. Who is there that mourns or simpathises with my sorrows? Not one! Go with them, Neriſſa, and let my misery be complete! Poor and friendleſs; what have I to offer that is worthy of your acceptance? A wounded ſpirit and a broken heart excepted, I have nothing that I can call my own. My proud mind is humbled to the duſt; even your ſervants diſcover my humiliation in my looks, inſult my patient forbearance, learn to mimic my tones of grief, and ſcorn my abject ſtate.

My ſun is ſet; never, perhaps, to riſe again! May its parting rays ſhed their declining luſtre, to cheer and animate your future proſpects! If, with ſome honeſt heart, you ſhould prefer to mingle your's in happy union; accept my ardent wiſhes for your welfare; refuſe not the humble tribute of my proffered friendſhip; but let the wreck of my fortune ſerve to grace your future conqueſts, and the contents of

my laſt will, add ſomething to your marriage dower. Adieu! deareſt of women forget me and be happy!

GALERIO.

December 12, 1801.

THE LOVES OF BERINI AND MELISSA,

CONCLUDED.

We may readily conceive, how great was my lord's aſtoniſhment at this unexpected diſcovery. But he was ſtill more ſenſibly affected, when he dwelt on the cruelty of his conduct towards his lady, whom he had raſhly condemned on ſuch ſlight grounds; though ſhe had never given him the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect either her fidelity, or affection. So acute were his feelings, that he fell dangerouſly ill. His fever was ſo high, that, on the fourth day, his life was deſpaired of. In this ſtate, he wrote the letter which may be ſeen in the following collection, to his beloved wife, in which he

confeſſes his own injuſtice, and will not even receive her pardon. Madame Berini, who, ſince her huſband's abſence had led a weary and painful exiſtence, which her virtue alone enabled her to endure, and who, notwithſtanding his cruel ſuſpicions, had never ceaſed to love him, felt herſelf agitated by ſuch a variety of contending emotions, that their violence had nearly, proved fatal. The joy ſhe felt at finding that her lord had recovered from his prepoſſeſſion, and reſtored her to his confidence and affection; the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her innocence fully confirmed, and the author of her wrongs ſacrificed to his juſt reſentment; were ſoon diminiſhed by the conſideration of her huſband's illneſs, and this unhappy circumſtance, deſtroyed, in a moment, all thoſe pleaſing ideas, which theſe reflections had awakened in her mind. She wrote to him without delay. Her impatience, ſeconded by her good fortune in finding a meſſenger, who had been diſpatched by the court, on ſome preſſing occaſion, and ſupported by the moſt lively expreſſions of a heart ten-

derly affected; occaſioned a criſis which ſaved his life. His health was re-eſtabliſhed in a few days, and without waiting a complete recovery, he returned to Paris. It is eaſy to conceive the mutual tranſports of theſe two perſons, after experiencing ſuch ſevere and extraordinary viciſſitudes of fortune.—But their ſorrows were not yet at an end! and the pleaſures of mutual intercourſe, made them feel more acutely the cruel malice of their fate. After being three weeks at Paris, my lord rejoined the army, and had ſcarcely arrived at his camp, when a dreadful battle took place, in which he was mortally wounded. His ſituation not permitting him to write, he forbade his ſervants to communicate the intelligence, wiſhing to ſpare his dear wife, the knowledge of this new calamity, hoping that his youth and a good conſtitution would enable him to recover. His ſilence alarmed Madame Berini, who knew that there had been an action in Flanders. Unable to endure this cruel ſuſpence, and terrified, as we may well ſuppoſe, ſhe wrote to her huſband, in terms

which ſufficiently betrayed the agitation of her mind. My lord received this letter juſt at the time when his wound ſeemed to afford ſome little hope of a cure. He ſent her an account, as favourable as poſſible but conveyed in his anſwer certain expreſſions of reſignation, that ſhe might be prepared to receive, in a ſhort time, the news of his death! Madame Berini felt their full force; and her fears were ſoon fully confirmed, by an officer who returned from the army, and informed her of the true ſtate of his wound, and that my lord had been removed to Condé, where he had left him dying! It was then that ſhe wrote her laſt letter, which diſplays all the varied emotions, that the moſt ardent paſſion, and the moſt lively ſorrow, could poſſibly inſpire in the heart of a perſon, who is at once alarmed with apprehenſions, deeply poſſeſſed with love, and overwhelmed with deſpair! My lord received this letter and returned an anſwer, in terms no leſs tender and paſſionate; lamenting his fate, the more, that he ſhould leave his dear wife, without protection, for-

tune, or ſupport; a ſtranger, in a foreign land! This horrible idea, continually preſented itſelf to his mind, and tormented him a thouſand times more than his approaching fate. He ordered one of his ſervants to go and convey the intelligence to Madame Berini, and in a moment afterwards expired!

This unfortunate lady had already ſet out on her journey to my lord, and was met by the meſſenger, half way from the city. The cruel certainty of his death, gave her ſuch a ſhock, that ſhe was immediately ſeized with violent convulſions, from which ſhe never recovered; ſhewing no other ſymptoms of life, than a few half ſtifled ſighs, which entirely choaked her utterance. Juſt before ſhe expired, ſhe appeared more calm, and opened her eyes: but wholly concerned with her approaching end; ſhe ſpoke only a few words to her ſervants, deſiring them to carry her to the ſpot where my lord had died, and to depoſit her corpſe in the ſame tomb with that of her beloved huſband!

LETTERS.

THE following is the letter alluded to in the memoirs, which was ſent by Lord Berini, to Meliſſa, on the day of her fete, accompanied with a noſegay, and written under the borrowed ſemblance of a female friend.

MADEMOISELLE,

Be pleaſed to accept this noſegay from a friend of your's, who greatly honours and eſteems you. The intereſt that ſhe takes in every thing that concerns you, entitles her to ſome ſmall ſhare of attention, and that you ſhould not be wholly inſenſible of the aſſiduity which ſhe diſplays on the day of your fete. Auſpicious day! that affords me an opportunity of evincing my ardent and

ſincere attachment. Be not inquiſitive to know my name. Let this ſuffice, that from the firſt moment that I learned your's, I take a conſtant pleaſure in pronouncing it. I frequently have the honour of viſiting at Madame de —— and witneſſing the agreeable ſallies that paſs between you and my companions, while I, perhaps, the beſt and ſincereſt of all your friends, am not favoured with the ſlighteſt proof of regard. If, however, you perſiſt in maintaining this reſerve, I ſhall become jealous of theſe rivals, and my reſentment, will not allow me to ſuffer, much longer, without complaining. You may diſcover me by this, that I love you more than all of them together. It is almoſt impoſſible for a woman to love you as I do. If a metamorphoſis were to take place, and I could become a lover; never would there be one more tender; my affection would daily encreaſe, nor would all the calamities of life, have it in their power to make me inconſtant, even for a ſingle moment. Hitherto I have entertained an averſion from all attachments, and

vainly ſuppoſed that I could never love. But I have beheld you, and loved more in one ſhort moment, than others during their whole lives. In the leaſt of your actions, there is a natural grace, that pleaſes. Your air delights me, I am enchanted with your modeſty, and even your ſilence commands my reverence. Judge then, my dear young lady, the temper of that heart, which thus wholly devotes itſelf to you.

The letter of Lord BERINI to M[illegible], in which he openly avows his love; but without diſcovering his name or rank.

MADAM;

I AM a ſtranger who has had the honour of ſeeing and hearing you. To have enjoyed this diſtinguiſhed happineſs is ſufficient to create love. A new heart finds itſelf ſenſibly moved with your charms. I can eaſily believe that it is not the only one, that has rendered them homage, but it

is perhaps one, that wiſhes with the greateſt impatience, for permiſſion to declare it. He is not one of thoſe who claim a right to be believed at firſt ſight. His anxious wiſh is, that you would allow yourſelf the opportunity of judging of his ſincerity and tenderneſs. Far different from thoſe who will tell you a thouſand times that they love you and adore you; he will love you moſt paſſionately without daring to tell you ſo. He will addreſs you with the language of a frank heart, which never having loved, now, for the firſt time loves, in the tendereſt manner, the moſt charming woman in the world. But, if, in theſe few words, he has already had the misfortune to offend you, he will conſider it the moſt fatal moment of his life. He will love in ſilence. His tongue ſhall be diſcreet; it will not be able even to anſwer what will become of himſelf, ſince he lives only for you.

Lord Berini to Melissa.

I know not, Mademoiſelle, in what light you have conſidered the freedom I have al-

ready taken in addreſſing two letters to you Perhaps, I have been ſo unfortunate as to offend you. I flatter myſelf, however, that you could expect no leſs from a heart long ſtruggling with love and reſpect. Proud and indifferent as you appear, you muſt have diſcovered, that you are the ſole object of my wiſhes. It is in vain that you reſiſt. My heart ſhall compel you to pity a poor wretch, who will not be repulſed by all your cruelties. You are the only object for whom he can feel a real attachment. What would be his lot—if—but alas! a ſecret preſentiment tells me, that, in reading theſe words, little ſolicitous about love, you will entertain only diſguſt. I tremble even, at the reflection, that when next I encounter your lovely eyes, they will perhaps ſparkle only with anger. How pitiable would be my fate; if, after having taken ſo much pleaſure in beholding them, I ſhould be compelled to fly from them. Think madam, what muſt be my deſpair, if it be true, that you are capable of henceforward diſturbing the remainder of my life. Believe me, I conjure you,

theſe are not common place expreſſions.—They are the ſentiments of a heart long attached, that at length ventures to addreſs you. The only hope, he dare entertain, is, that you would give him an opportunity of proving his ſincerity and affection. He would be happy to demonſtrate to you that he is no common lover. His fidelity and conſtancy will enable you to diſtinguiſh him and his delicacy will not permit him to offer you a divided heart. To-morrow, I ſhall endeavour to read your ſentiments, and your fine eyes will inform me whether I am to conſider myſelf as the happieſt of men.

The following is the fictitious billet doux, that my lord found in his lady's chamber, and that was the occaſion of his abruptly quitting her.

MADAM,

IT is with infinite regret I acquaint you, that I cannot be with you to day. I ſhould cer-

tainly have been happy to profit by my lord's abſence, being much mortified at not having the pleaſure of ſeeing you yeſterday. If I ſhould not repair my loſs, attribute it to an indiſpoſition that has ſeized me. I know not what is the matter with me; but I am not well. I now write in Bed. Perhaps my lord's arrival has ſomewhat alarmed me. Heaven ſend he may not make a long ſtay here. My empreſs! if you are compelled to endure him: at leaſt beſtow on him none of thoſe marks of tenderneſs which you have promiſed to reſerve wholly for me. Should he not return to-morrow, though I be ever ſo ill, I will throw myſelf at your feet, and intreat you to indemnify me for the ſacrifice you have made to him.

D—— F——.

The following is the note written by Lord Berini after peruſing the above.

Madam,

Be not ſurpriſed, if after having hazarded every thing to come and ſee you, I part

without even taking leave. I write with my own hand, and it is as though it were with my blood, an eternal adieu. You are the ſole cauſe that I go in ſearch of a death that will prove leſs cruel than you.

The letter of Lord Berini to his lady on diſcovering her Innocence.

Were I leſs culpable, I would ſolicit your forgiveneſs; but I acknowledge, Madame, that I do not deſerve it. And I am the leſs entitled to expect it, as I confeſs my fault only when every doubt is removed. Unfortunate, as I have hitherto conſidered myſelf, I am now more ſo than ever. Alas! I have accuſed you, and it is another who is guilty.

Muſt I be always perſecuted by this wretched woman? What fiend inſpires and urges her thus inceſſantly to follow and torment me witherſoever I go? Deteſtable and accurſed female art! though not weary

of miſchief? Wherefore cameſt thou to diſturb the happineſs of two fond hearts, whoſe only wiſh was mutual affection, and whoſe greateſt pleaſure it was to think, that they were beyond your reach.

Still, however, ſhe hovers near us and exerciſes on each, by turns, her malice and revenge. This is what I have to accquaint you. She is not alone; but has the Chevalier B—— with her, whom ſhe employs in thoſe undertakings which her head can invent, but her hand cannot accompliſh. He has been here, but is now no more!

Returning a few evenings ago, full of melancholy reflections, concerning you, and my various misfortunes; a man ſuddenly fired a piſtol at me that miſſed me. I ruſhed upon him, and ſlew him. As he fell, he exclaimed that he was a dead man! Conceiving that I knew the voice, I drew near and ſurveyed him; but judge my ſurpriſe when I diſcovered the Chevalier B———. With tears in my eyes, I embraced him

and implored forgiveneſs for his death. "My dear lord," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart, but I cannot forgive her who is the cauſe of our misfortunes." He had juſt time, before his death, to tell me, that the counteſs was at Paris, and that it was ſhe who made him write that deteſtable note; but not ſatisfied with this, had perſuaded him to ſet off with an intent to murder me! Alas! Why did he not ſucceed? I have eſcaped death in this inſtance, but cannot live after your diſgrace. I am happy, however, in this diſcovery, and ſhall die ſatisfied with the knowledge of your innocence. I am in bed. I muſt die. How can I avoid it? I have blamed you without reaſon; and when I reflect on the miſery you have ſuffered, and all on my account, I think myſelf one of the moſt unjuſt of men and unworthy to live. A hundred times I aſk myſelf how I could pronounce judgement upon ſuch ſlight appearances? Could not all that you had done for me, contradict it, and ought I to have quitted you without even ſpeaking or giving you an oppor-

tunity of vindicating your innocence? Madam, I acknowledge my offence, and as I have wronged you in the moſt tender point, I do not even deſerve the melancholy ſatisfaction of teſtifying the ſorrow that I feel. I deſire only to be treated with the ſame ſeverity, and wiſh the whole world would take part againſt me and avenge you. But alas! my own heart is a ſufficient torment. Its continual remorſe and cruel reproaches will ſhorten the days of a wretch, who, an enemy to himſelf, eſteems himſelf too happy in being allowed to die, while he loves you more tenderly than ever.

Lady Berini, in reply.

If it be really true that you love me more tenderly than ever, it is leſs than ever in my power to hate you. Alas! I ſought only the return of your heart; mine has been ever the ſame. It has loved you even when you had ceaſed to love. Whatever

diſpleaſure I may have felt for the wrong you have done me, I have ſhed only tears of regret to think, that there ſhould be any cauſe, however unjuſt, for accuſation.

What have I not ſuffered, during this period, the moſt wretched of my life? I have paſſed my time in conſtant deſpair! It would have been the death of moſt women: but my eager deſire to prove my innocence has preſerved my life. At length, now that I am ſatisfied, you have reaſon to be apprehenſive. I now ſhall die in peace ſince you are contented. The extremes through which I paſs are too violent to be borne. I muſt inevitably ſink under the exceſſive joy which has thus ſuddenly ſurpriſed me amidſt the moſt horrible deſpair!

I freely confeſs that my life and death are in your hands. I am ſo wholly your's that I ſhare all the emotions of your heart. Mine that has been the object of your diſpleaſure, is ſo ſtrongly attached to you, that your ſenſations are its guide; with this

difference only, that your anger drove me to deſpair, and your joy will cauſe my death. Hitherto my griefs have kept me alive. I could not bear to die while culpable in your eyes. Now that I can no longer ſhare my ſorrows with you, I ſhall wholly reſign myſelf to my fate; and dreading another unjuſt accuſation, enjoy the happineſs of dying innocent.

But in the mean time, my beloved huſband, you are ill, and may die! Good God! what a dreadful idea! Muſt I alſo bear a part in the ſorrow you feel at having wronged me? If I die you will alſo die! Ah! I cannot conſent to it! After having lived wholly for you, I muſt relinquiſh even death for your ſake. Death muſt be vanquiſhed by love, and acknowledge his power. I will therefore again be pleaſed with life that you may live, and expoſe myſelf to freſh ſufferings. It is what I anticipate: but if for your ſake, dear Berini, I yield myſelf to greater evils, will you not love me the more?

Letter of Lady BERINI to her huſband, after the battle.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

HAVE you fallen in this fatal action, or if yet alive, do you wiſh my death? You afflict me with the moſt cruel torment, ſince from the uncertainty with which my whole ſoul is agitated, I know not but that I am writing to a man who is dead. Oh! heavens! ſhould this be the caſe, what would become of me? In ſpite of the fatal preſage, that fills my heart and will not ſuffer me to reſt, I will if poſſible, before, I yield entirely to my fears, hope for an anſwer to this letter.

The night preceding the battle, I had a dream, and it was a dreadful one. I will not believe it. Yet, ever ſince, you have appeared every night before me, ſometimes like a wounded man in the care of ſurgeons, and ſometimes like a corpſe, lying in the field of battle, amidſt heaps of ſlain

Even this very night, I thought I ſaw you pale and diſfigured, pointing to your wounds, and dying, and in dying, methought you wept!

My dear Berini! what mean theſe frightful viſions, or why, if theſe are not to be regarded, this anxiety, this conſtant agitation during the day? I know not what is the matter, but my mind is diſturbed, and I cannot reſt. Sometimes I am ſuddenly ſeized with ſtrange tremblings of the heart. By turns, I doubt, believe, and diſbelieve.—— What a ſituation! Can there be a more cruel martyrdom? I die a hundred deaths daily, and it is this ſtate of doubt and ſuſpence, that makes me alternately live and die. If I ſtill breathe, it is only becauſe I am waiting for intelligence, and what will it be? What an alternative! Life or death! But all this time I am too much engroſſed with my paſſion to reflect, that I am writing to a perſon, who, perhaps, is unable to hear me. My letter ought to be gone. I await the

event with all the impatience of one who is ready to abandon herſelf to deſpair!

Lord BERINI to his Lady, in reply.

I am not dead. I ſtill live for you. Do not be alarmed, my dear wife, you have nothing to fear. It is true that I have encountered many hazards. But love has preſerved me for the ſake of her whom I adore. Even in the heat of battle I thought of you; and when ready to fall, it ſeemed, as though ſome unſeen hand turned aſide each fatal blow. Heaven, that knows my heart, believe me, pities my unhappy fate. Forgive me, that I have not ſooner ſent you news concerning myſelf. I was apprehenſive leſt you ſhould be alarmed at a trifle, and I waited 'till I ſhould be cured of a ſlight wound that I have received. I hope it will prove of no conſequence. Do not then, make yourſelf uneaſy; diſſipate your fears and think no more of thoſe dreams. If you

always torment yourſelf in this manner and take ſo little reſt, you will die before the concluſion of my campaign. The leaſt intelligence, that you may hear, whether true or falſe will terrify you; you will be in continual agitation, and may often mourn the fate of a man, who may be in perfect health.

Summon your fortitude. I ſcarcely know you again. Where is all that reſolution, that you once poſſeſſed; and that courage with which you inſpired me when you perſuaded me to leave you? Call to your recollection what you then obſerved, that ſuch weakneſſes were unworthy of great minds. Be what you wiſh to be. Certainly I love you as much as you do me; I have, therefore, the ſame ſacrifices to make. You know your influence over me. My ſweeteſt pleaſures, my whole felicity were to paſs my days with you; and yet I relinquiſhed them all and quitted you at your command.

Why may not I exerciſe an equal power over your mind? All that I exact of you is that you will take ſome repoſe. How can you imagine that I can enjoy any while you are not at reſt? I would fain ſee you indulge a different diſpoſition, and reſign yourſelf to whatever may befall us. All depends on the will of heaven, and we muſt ſubmit. How can I tell what may be its decrees? We cannot always be together. Sooner or later death will at length ſeparate us. Expect every thing, and do not reckon on the life of a man who is continually expoſed to danger. I pray to Heaven to ſpare our weakneſs, and give us ſtrength to ſupport hereafter, what we cannot now endure.

Adieu, my deareſt Meliſſa. Take courage or rather, fear every thing, yet fear nothing. I will endeavour to get well, and I ſhould be in leſs danger if I knew you were more at eaſe.

Letter of Lady BERINI to her huſband, on hearing from an officer, who had returned from the army, that his wound was mortal.

WHAT is become of my dear Berini?—What falſe tenderneſs has led him to conceal his preſent ſituation from her, who feels the deepeſt concern? Is there a perſon dearer to him than myſelf, or does he think to retard my death, in concealing his from me? I could not fail to hear it, nor to die when I had received the communication. It would ſeem as though he took a ſecret pleaſure in caſting me off. Cruel that you are! How could you form ſuch a reſolution, without once more ſeeing her who only wiſhes to expire in your arms? Is it not natural that we, who live but for each other, ſhould die together?

But what barbarous hand thus deprives you of life? What cruel fate has put a period to ſuch happy days? Great God! are you alſo irritated againſt us, and do

you puniſh two hearts, only becauſe they love? Alas! We did but juſt begin to taſte the ſweets of loving without reſtraint, when you declare againſt us! We promiſed ourſelves the moſt innocent pleaſures, and you diſturb them, and, finally, to take away from us all hope, you decree that death ſhould deprive us of them for ever!

How hard is this ſeparation! At this moment I experience all its horrors! My ſoul inwardly groans, and my ſenſes forſake me! In the mean time you are dying, and I cannot aſſiſt you! All is over; and poor Meliſſa will never ſee you again. Perhaps you are already dead. Wait, at leaſt, my dear huſband, until I can come and yield my laſt ſighs with your's. I ſhall not grieve at my death or your's, provided that I die with you, and you with me.

Juſt Heaven! if you have the leaſt regard for what paſſes here below, grant me this laſt favour? Preſerve him alive until I can be near him. Then dart forth your

arrows on two innocent victims. We offer our lives as a ſacrifice, if you will but unite us in one grave. It is all the conſolation we aſk, born as we have been to receive no other! Death itſelf, pitileſs as it is to the reſt of the world, will be moved at our misfortunes.

What a fate is our's. What croſſes. It was our lot to love, and ſcarcely were we attached to each other, when the whole world riſes againſt us. Compelled to forſake our country, we came to a foreign land to drag out a languiſhing exiſtence, buried from the world. But even this appears to have been too happy. After friends and parents had perſecuted us, and deprived us of our rank and fortunes; Heaven interpoſes to overwhelm us, and ſnatch us from each other, as ſoon as we had become reconciled to our diſgrace!

But I offend againſt divine providence.—Its decrees are full of righteouſneſs; its deſigns are impenetrable. We are miſerable.—

Perhaps we were deſtined to be more ſo, thus do I ſeek to conſole myſelf. Nevertheleſs you are dying! Ah! again I deſpair! Great God, have pity on us! Support our weakneſs. We belong to you and are not our own. You permitted us to be united, enable us now to ſeparate.

But is it you, my dear Berini, that I muſt leave? Let me rather die a thouſand deaths, than ſurvive you a ſingle moment. I come to ſeek you; I am impatient to be where you are; to cloſe my eyes with your's, and yield to you the laſt ſighs of a heart that has ſo fondly loved you. Death has no terrors for thoſe who truly love. Wretched as they are in this world, they feel no reluctance in leaving it. To day we fully know each other. We are among thoſe unfortunate perſons who have no other pleaſure in life, but that of being tenderly loved.—— Yes, I renew my proteſtations, and they are the more ſincere, as they are the laſt. I have always loved you, and I love you in theſe laſt moments more than ever. Since

life, no longer has any charms for me, I ſacrifice it for you, and with you; and my grief is too violent to enable me to hear advice, or preſerve any moderation. I liſten only to deſpair. Scarcely will this letter have been gone before I ſhall depart. I fly to ſave the man I love, or periſh with him.

The final reply of Lord Berini to his Lady.

Stay, my dear wife; all is over and I die! You will not find me alive. Your letter has ſenſibly moved me. Alas! this is the laſt that I ſhall ever write! My efforts are fruitleſs, and I yield to my fate. Endeavour to comfort yourſelf; I die becauſe I have been unable to do it. I am inconſolable ſince I find I muſt leave you. Dreadful neceſſity! Why have we ſo tenderly loved, ſeeing we muſt one day part? How few think of this, that love, or of the dangers to which they are expoſed! The

moſt faithful attachments are the moſt unfortunate, and they die more than once, who love, when they die. Yet I do not repent of what I have done. No! Heaven is my witneſs, that ſpite of our croſſes, I have taſted no real pleaſure but with you. My fondeſt delight was to ſuffer for your ſake, and I was contented to receive even your ſlighteſt acknowledgment. How pleaſed would I have called to mind in my laſt moments my numerous ſufferings, had I not remembered that they were participated by you. Alas! do what I will, deſpair takes poſſeſſion of my ſoul. I know that I ſhall leave you behind. A hundred times I daily exclaim, "what will become of her? I took her from the boſom of her family, to leave her in a foreign country, unknown and deſtitute. Far from lamenting my loſs, ſhe ought to hate as much as ſhe has loved me: for I have done her more harm than all her enemies."

Theſe reveries, which I often indulge, deprive me of utterance. If I open my lan-

guid eyes, it is that I am ſo ſtruck with your loved image, that I think I ſee you. I turn my eyes around my bed, towards the place where I imagine you to be, and keep them fixed ſo long, that my attendants think me dead. Recovering from my trance, my heart feels relieved, and I ſhed a flood of tears. Every one haſtens to conſole me; but no one has it in his power. Who is there that can afford me relief? You alone, for whom theſe tears flow, can dry them up again. You are my joy, my grief; all is centered in you.

When I was wounded, juſt as I fell, I heaved a ſigh. It was leſs from a fear of death, than that I ſhould never ſee you again. How painful were my reflections at that unhappy moment! Heaven that knows the ſecret thoughts of men, can beſt deſcribe them. So wholly did you occupy my mind, that I thought little of my wound. It may be eaſily believed. The greateſt pain will afflict the moſt. I had juſt received a ſtab in the thigh, but I had a mortal wound

in my heart. The laſt has rendered the former incurable; and it is this that deſtroys me. I die, and far from her I love. And ſhall I never ſpeak to you again? Will my eyes, that took ſo much pleaſure in beholding you, cloſe never to meet your's again? The thought diſtracts me more than death itſelf.

Beloved Meliſſa, haſten and receive a ſoul which lingers, and cannot bear to leave you. Heaven, no doubt wiſhes to wean me from all that I have in the world. As I have lived too much for you, it ordains that I ſhould die without even ſeeing you. It ſeems to be jealous of my laſt moments. I ought to devote them to it, yet I think only of you. With ſhame I acknowledge, that I think leſs of the God, before whom I am to appear, than of the wife who is dear to me, and whom I am about to leave.

What is to become of you? What courſe will you take? You cannot return to England on account of my parents. You can-

not ſubſiſt in France in the wretched condition in which I leave you. Do as I adviſe. Preſent yourſelf before the king and queen. Tell them who you are,—relate my hiſtory: few have been more affecting or tragical. Expatiate on your misfortunes. They will afford you reaſon to find in the protection of their majeſties, a refuge from the malice of fate.

Above all, I entreat you to remain in France, at the place where I brought you, and where I leave you. My aſhes will wait for your's. It is the laſt favour I requeſt, that my ſoul may reſt in peace. As we have been prevented from living long together, let death unite us for ever. But my ſtrength forſakes me. I ſhudder! My hand trembles, I can no longer hold the pen. Oh! deareſt Meliſſa, where are you? Berini dies ———— !

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

☞ The following LINES were written at an early period* and deſigned for another lady; but as poets, as well as lovers, are allowed a little freedom and permitted to indulge in fiction, the author hoped he might, in this one inſtance, be excuſed for following a general example, and by a little pious fraud, appropriating them to the perſon, while he offered them for the entertainment of Neriſſa.

ON the broad ſurface of th' Atlantic wave,
Which o'er its coaſt its foaming billows lave,
There is an iſle not quite unknown to Fame,
A little ſpot, Dominica its name.
Pure is its atmoſphere, its ſky ſerene,
Save where a raging hurricane be ſeen;
For then pale terror lifts its mighty hand,
And ruin deſolates the planter's land;

* At nineteen years of age.

Who ſees whole fields in lofty whirlwinds toſt,
His works deſtroy'd and all his profits loſt!
There dwells a maid, whoſe virtues tho' unknown
Might add new ſplendor to a monarch's throne.
When late on Albion's happy ſhore ſhe dwelt,
I ſaw, and love's deſtructive paſſion felt:
Glow'd with the ardor of its pureſt flame,
And fondly fancied that ſhe did the ſame!
Why from my boſom ſteals the heaving ſigh?
Why does the ſwelling tear eſcape my eye?
Alas! remembrance wakes with all its train,
Recals the paſt, and brings forth preſent pain.
How oft at riſing morn, or ſetting day,
Before her manſion have I ta'en my way;
Pleas'd if my fair one I ſhould chance to ſee,
Steal a kind glance, and know 'twas meant for me.
And oft at night when buſy mortals ſlept,
And midnight fairies wanton vigils kept;
When all the vaſt creation torpid lay,
And huſh'd in ſilence were the cares of day:
In deep diſguiſe I've reach'd the bleſſed door,
Then all my cares and ſorrows were no more!
There, while in gentle ſleep Neriſſa laid,
On the ſoft breathing flute I've chearful play'd;

Sooth'd her ſweet ſlumbers with ſome plaintive
ſtrain,
Regardleſs of the beating wind and rain;
'Till the Lark's notes have warn'd me to be gone,
And envious morn with purple ſtreaks hath ſhone;
Then to my couch, and when I ſhould have ſlept,
I faintly clos'd my eyes and ſigh'd and wept!
Well I remember that auſpicious night,
When firſt Neriſſa bleſt my raviſh'd ſight;
'Twas at G——h H——e, where in the "merry
dance"
I caught the firſt impaſſion'd tender glance;
Firſt in the gay cotillon was ſhe ſeen,
She look'd a goddeſs, and ſhe mov'd a queen!
Oh! when her yielding hand I ſoftly preſt,
Ye Gods! I thought myſelf ſupremely bleſt:
And when with glowing cheeks and weary feet,
I led her ſweetly bluſhing to her ſeat;
There, as I fann'd her with a lover's care,
And zephyrs gentleſt breeze did with her ſhare;
While calm ſerenity poſſeſs'd her frame,
Within my breaſt I felt a raging flame!
Theſe were our joys; but ah! theſe joys are gone,
And I, in vain, their cruel loſs muſt moan.

Once I had hope, but now that hope is paſt,
Within thine arms to meet a home at laſt:
On thy ſoft boſom taſte a ſweet repoſe,
And find a ſafe aſylum from my woes.
Accurs'd for ever be that fatal day,
That tore you from theſe longing arms away!
When to obey a father's ſtern decree,
You left this land to wretchedneſs and me.
Methinks I ſee you to the altar led,
Some proud imperious planter doom'd to wed;
Whoſe breaſt, a ſtranger to love's pureſt fire,
Is only lighted up by fierce deſire.
Where, from your happy union, I ſee
Ariſe, a numerous, beauteous progeny;
Who, like young olive plants, may bleſs your
ſight,
And fill your ſoul with exquiſite delight.
Before th' arrival of that hated day,
May I lie ſhrouded in a bed of clay;
Within my tomb enjoy a calm repoſe,
And loſe all recollection of my woes!
Then, if ſome lonely ſtranger bring the news,
Say, will Neriſſa, one poor ſigh refuſe?
And when my num'rous ſuff'rings ſhe ſhall hear,
Will ſhe withold the ſympathetic tear?

She will be kind! when they my death relate,
And drop a tear for my unhappy fate;
And when! alas! ſhe hears my well known
name,
With friendſhip's pitying ſigh, ſhe will exclaim,
"Poor youth! and was it thus thou didſt depart,
"And die the victim of a broken heart?"

TO NERISSA.

Excuse me, fair maid, if I dare to intrude
My feeble and unpoliſh'd lays;
Nor deem my intentions uncivil or rude,
If I venture to ſing in your praiſe.

When the ruddy fac'd morn firſt appears to the view,
And the ſun ſheds a glimmering ray;
The Perſian falls proſtrate, his vows to renew,
And worſhips the parent of day!

Even thus your lov'd preſence, to me is ſo dear,
And your converſe ſuch pleaſure imparts;
All nature ſeems glad, if Neriſſa be near,
But looks mournful whene'er ſhe departs

When the pale ſilver moon, the queen regent of night,
Her ſplendor unveils from a cloud; [light,
When the vaſt concave heavens are ſtudded with
And ſtars the blue firmament croud.

When Arabia's rich ſpices diſtil forth their dew,
And the lillies their fragrance exhale; [view,
When the fair modeſt roſe opes its bud to the
And the thorn yields its ſcent to the gale.

Ah who can mild gratitude's tribute withold,
Or the charms of his ſenſes withſtand;
When the treaſures of nature ſuch beauties un-
Can we turn from her liberal hand? [fold,

Shall we view the rich bleſſings ſhe kindly ſup-
With a cold and unfeeling diſdain; [plies
Shall we liſten to thoſe who pretend to be wiſe,
And ſay that all pleaſure is vain?

Ah no! 'twill not be; for the exquiſite mind
Feels the joys of its natural ſtate,
Forgets its paſt ſuff'rings or leaves them behind,
And contentedly yields to its fate.

Believe not that man is by nature deprav'd,
That his paſſions but lead him aſtray;
By imperious laws that he's bound and enſlav'd,
Or that vice bears an abſolute ſway.

'Tis the coward's laſt refuge, the bigot's belief,
But ſages its tenets diſdain;
Independance alone yields a certain relief,
And virtue ſecures us from pain.

In vain do you tell me, to love is unwiſe,
And the merits of abſence commend;
Can the blind ceaſe to mourn for the loſs of his eyes,
Or the patriot forſake his beſt friend?

Give me back then, fair ſpoiler, the heart thou haſt ta'en
Or do not this compromiſe ſpurn;
Let the fugitive wand'rer in quiet remain,
And yield me thine own in return.

To NERISSA.

Extinct was my flame, and my lyre unſtrung,
The muſe was no more my delight;
No more would my woes in ſoft ſtrains have been ſung,
My ſorrows lay buried in night.

When thus ſweetly whiſper'd the innocent maid,
"If affection you'd have me requite;
Once more let your paſſion in verſe be diſplay'd,
If you love as you ſay you can write."

Yes, Neriſſa commands, and I haſte to obey,
For ſubmiſſion ſhe knows ſhe ſhall find;
Yet ſay, in what region of verſe can I ſtray,
Where chuſe a fit theme for my mind?

For if ſenſibility's province I ſeek,
The boon will I'm ſure be deny'd,
Since the tear that ſhould flow down humanity's cheek,
Is reſtrain'd at the fountain of pride.

Or if for the rights that to nature are due,
I ſhould dare to aſſert my juſt claim;
The gloom of a dungeon is held to my view,
And traitor affix'd to my name?

Ah! where is the heart that's to ſympathy dear,
That can throb with love's wildeſt exceſs;
At the voice of keen anguiſh, let fall pity's tear,
And melt at a tale of diſtreſs?

Dearly prize it, if ſuch you ſhould e'er chance to find,
For oh! 'tis a circumſtance rare,
Since merit itſelf to it's kindred is blind,
And virtue is left to deſpair.

The cold voice of prudence uſurps its lov'd name
While folly upholds the deceit
When the ſoul's beſt emotions, attention ſhould claim,
Proud int'reſt enſures a defeat!

On Auburn's fair downs, when an infant, I ſought,
Where ſweet cowſlips and primroſes grew;
Theſe innocent ſpoils to the cottage I brought,
And fondly expoſed them to view:

But when by earth's moiſture no more were they fed,
Nor cheer'd by the ſun's genial ray;
I mourned when dejected they held down their head,
And wept as I ſaw them decay!

For I knew, tho' a child, that man's life was the ſame,
Tho' his infancy ſmiling appear,
As the ſun thro' a ſhower reflects the mild beam,
He muſt purchaſe delight with a tear!

In the unbounded maze of exiſtence, we view,
From the infant that's but newly born;
Like roſes, our pleaſures are moiſten'd with dew,
And infolded like them with a thorn!

Adverſity's blaſt chills the bloſſom of youth,
Maturity's poiſoned with care;
Superſtition obſcures the refulgence of truth,
And reflection produces deſpair;

I fear the large planet that ſhone upon earth
And illumin'd the regions below;
And the cry that attended my ill-fated birth,
Foretold an exiſtence of woe!

When lately deſponding, with ſickneſs oppreſt,
On the couch of diſeaſe I reclin'd; [preſt,
Tho my own feeble frame was with anguiſh im-
I ſigh'd for the fate of mankind.

The phalanx of tyrants was marſhall'd in arms,
The banners of war were unfurl'd;
All nations around were replete with alarms,
To enſlave and extinguiſh a world!

But I tell the proud ruler of ——— plains,
Who ſcoffs at the rights of mankind;
Tho' whole captive nations he hold in his chains,
And ſlaves in faſt bondage he bind.

That the time is at hand, when the world ſhall
be free
When wars and fierce tumults ſhall ceaſe;
In friendſhip and concord all nations agree,
And enjoy the mild bleſſings of peace!

Perſecution no longer ſhall viſit the earth;
The reign of oppreſſion be o'er;
Servility's badge be deſtroy'd at its birth;
And tyranny ſuffer'd no more;

And then as on high when we ſee from afar,
On a clear and an unclouded night,
The gay ſparkling luſtre of ſome well known ſtar,
Diſpenſing its refluent light:

With innocence clad, ſhall Neriſſa appear,
Her virtues ſhall bleſſings impart;
Senſibility then ſhall excite pity's tear,
And eaſe the fond throb of the heart!

And if haply, ſweet maid, in ſome moment of joy,
You ſhould ſee my unfortunate name;
Altho' to your pleaſure it bring ſome alloy,
Yet, I pray you, be kind to my fame.

LINES,

Written on the blank leaf of Neriſſa' pocket book

An "annual gift" all lovers ſend,
To prove themſelves "the ladies' friend;"
And rich the preſents, that impart,
Inſtruction to the head and heart:

For that ſhall flouriſh and prevail,
When friends neglect and lovers fail.
Sweet maid! if e'er in life's great book,
You ſhould for truth and wiſdom look;
Guard well your heart againſt ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely dare to truſt your eyes.
For oft you'll read of much deceit,
Of many a knave, and many a cheat;
And ſeldom hear of lovers true,
Except it be of me and you!
If o'er each page you turn wtth care,
Nor blur with vice your tablet fair:
With wit and learning ſtore your mind,
And cheriſh ev'ry virtue kind;
Weigh every action that has paſt,
And let each day excell the laſt:
What tho' they ſhould be noted here,
They will not raiſe a ſigh or tear;
Nor need you bluſh, whene'er you look
Into your faithful "pocket book."

SONG.

THE GIRL TO PLEASE ME.

TUNE—"The Tar's a jolly Tar.

THE girl's a pretty girl, who has cheeks like the roſe,
And teeth as fair ivory white;
Whoſe ſoft pouting lips, a rich ruby diſcloſe,
With a boſom that's form'd for delight.
But the laſs to pleaſe me,
Superior muſt be;
To theſe beauties muſt yet add a ſtore,
While I yield to her ſway,
She muſt ſeem to obey;
And with paſſion's ſoft charm,
All reſiſtance diſarm,
With twenty things more.
She muſt ſue me,
And wooe me,
And kiſs me,
And pleaſe me,
And prattle from morning till night!

The girl's a pretty girl who, with modeſty's bluſh,
Can teach her ſoft viſage to glow;
Who her ardent deſires with prudence can huſh,
And conceal what ſhe wiſhes to know.
But the girl to pleaſe me,
She honeſt muſt be;
Tell my faults and my follies deplore.
She muſt love to exceſs,
And melt at diſtreſs;
To joy or deſpair,
Yield a ſmile or a tear;
With twenty things more:
She muſt bleſs me,
Careſs me,
Nor ever repreſs me;
But love me from morning till night!

The girl's a pretty girl, who, with melody's art,
And a tone, that's to ſympathy true,
With the ſong of a ſyren can ſoften the heart,
And the ſoul of the proudeſt ſubdue.
But the girl to pleaſe me,
Contented muſt be;
Nor ſigh when theſe triumphs are o'er:

She muſt quit faſhion's ſchool,
And make wiſdom her rule;
And with love that's refin'd,
Prove chaſte, conſtant, and kind;
With twenty things more.
Tho' ſhe never be gay,
She ſhall drive care away,
And be happy from morning till night.

BEN HAWSER.

Ben Hawſer lov'd fair Kate of Deal,
And woo'd her for his bonny bride:
But ah! her friends, with hearts like ſteel,
This much wiſh'd happineſs denied.
For they were proud, and Ben was poor,
Tho' none like him was e'er ſo true;
But all in vain, they ſhut the door,
Nor let him take a laſt adieu!

Ben droop'd and pin'd with ſad deſpair;
For much he wiſh'd his Kate to ſee;
Unto the beach he did repair,
And try'd once more the ſtormy ſea;

And as the veſſel, from the flood,
The leſs'ning ſhore ſtill kept in view;
Upon the deck he ling'ring ſtood,
And ſigh'd, and ſaid, "Sweet girl adieu?"

Ben plough'd the deep for many a year,
And oft in battles hot was he;
In danger ſtill, devoid of fear,
And to his Meſſmates kind and free;
Returning home, the foe drew nigh,
A fatal ball unerring flew,
Ben fell, and heaving forth a ſigh,
"Tis paſt," he ſaid, "Sweet girl adieu!"—

The morning ſmil'd, the day was fair,
When Kate, who ſtill did faithful prove,
Went on the beach to take the air,
And muſe upon her long-loſt love.
When floating on the wave ſhe ſpied,
A corſe—it was her lover true!
Soon as ſhe ſaw, ſhe ſhriek'd and cried,
"I come,—no more we'll bid adieu!"

To NERISSA,

On her calling the Author "Old Man."

I KNOW not, ſweet maid, when you call me "old man"
Whether praiſe or reproach be your favourite plan;
If you join it with weakneſs, diſeaſe or defect,
Or a token intend of eſteem and reſpect?
In Sparta, we know, if their hiſtory's true,
They *honoured old age* and gave wiſdom its due;
If their youths on their benches were cloſely arrang'd,
Let an *old man* but enter, the ſcene was ſoon chang'd;
You will ſay they were civil, but ſhew'd little wit,
For the young men all roſe that the old men might ſit.
On reflection indeed, I am proud of the name,
And think it may add a new wreathe to my fame;

For old men and old women, old friends and
old faces,
Are better than new ones with all their grimaces;
They ſhake not like ſign-poſts at every blaſt,
And their living ſo long is a proof *that they'll*
laſt.
When with modeſt attention you ſweetly recline,
And join in mild union your ſtudies with mine;
O'er Italia's ſoft accents with gravity pore,
Or read ſome French author with diligence o'er;
I fain would be tutor and ſtrive to be cold,
Forget you're a woman, and think I am old!
But when all array'd in your gayeſt attire,
Your cheeks bluſhing roſes, your boſom on fire;
Unexpected you ſuddenly burſt on my ſight,
While your eyes ſpeak the language of love
and delight!
And muſic's ſoft melody falls from your tongue,
Deception is vain; for *I feel I am young!!!*

A VALENTINE, TO NERISSA.

By the arch dimple playing on your cheek,
And tempting ſyren voice whene'er you ſpeak;

By the bright luſtre of your ſparkling eyes,
Whoſe glance ſo well the want of words ſupplies.
By each looſe ringlet of your nut-brown hair,
That wanton ſtrays and ſhades your forehead fair,
By thoſe dear lips, the treaſures of delight,
That oft a lover's ſacrilege invite:
By that white boſom, as it ſtands confeſt,
And gently heaving to be cloſely preſt;
By thoſe bewitching ſmiles and kiſſes ſweet,
When two fond hearts in ſoft embraces meet:
By more than dare be nam'd, I claim thee mine,
My lovely miſtreſs, and my Valentine.

THE INCONSTANT FAIR,

OR

Silvio's Complaint.

A TRUE STORY.

When firſt my humble ſuit I mov'd,
And ſang in artleſs ſtrains my ditty;
My miſtreſs bluſh'd, and own'd ſhe lov'd,
And heav'd a ſigh of tender pity.

And oft we ſought the ſilent grove,
And breath'd the fragrant ev'ning air,
'Twas there, as token of her love,
She gave a lock of nut-brown hair.

And as I told my penſive tale,
And ſcarce could part, or bid adieu,
She vow'd my worth, ſhould e'er prevail,
And none ſhould be more kind or true.

But who ſhall woman's words believe?
They're faithleſs as the wind that blows;
Like ſyrens flattering to deceive,
Yet piercing cold as winter's ſnows.

For now ſhe ſcorns a modeſt ſwain,
And will not liſten to his pray'r;
Requites his love with proud diſdain,
And hopeleſs leaves him to deſpair!

Falſe maid! farewell! the ribband green,
Thou gav'ſt to bind time's paſſing hour,
Like thy ſhort love will ſoon be ſeen,
And fade with ſummer's early flower.

Perhaps, before the hand of fate
Conſign thee to thy native earth,
What now thou lov'ſt, thou too may'ſt hate,
And rue the hour that gave thee birth.

And Silvio's unrequited love,
With tears, too late, thou mayſt deplore;
In vain, requeſt, his faith to prove,
And ſee his injur'd form once more,

Go haughty and inconſtant maid,
Go! with thy choſen fav'rite dwell,
While I, in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Breathe a laſt ſigh and bid farewell.

SYLVIO'S REMONSTRANCE.

And was this the return he receiv'd for his pains.
To ſoften your obdurate heart;
When plaintive he ſigh'd forth his unpity'd woes,
And in ſolitude fought his ſad reck'ning to cloſe,
Conſenting for ever to part?

And did no tear of ſympathy fall from your eye,
As you thought of your treatment unkind!
Did your quick heaving boſom no anguiſh be-
ſpeak, [fair cheek,
Nor contrition's deep bluſh, crimſon o'er your
Nor the pangs of remorſe fill your mind?

Why then, Sylvio, gladly ſhall bid thee farewell,
And trouble thy manſion no more;
But ſeek ſome fair maid, who his worth can re-
quite,
Can meet his fond wiſhes with love and delight,
And ceaſe faithleſs Kate to deplore.

But know, ſilly maid, for tis right thou ſhould'ſt
Tho' perhaps it will not be believ'd, [hear,
Not to Sylvio's love, but the zeal of a friend,
Whoſe kindneſs and conſtancy all muſt commend
You owe the laſt lines you receiv'd.

For he too has lov'd and like me too muſt part,
Diſdaining your mercileſs ſex; [and true,
Who pretend that they're faithful, and conſtant
While baſe ſelfiſh int'reſt alone is their view,
And their aim to deceive and perplex.

Then go fickle maid and receive thy reward,
In the heart of thy favorite ſwain:
I envy him not that he win the fair prize,
Nor that Kate appear lovely in G***r's fond eyes,
May ye both ever happy remain!

SONG.

TUNE—"Crazy Jane,"

LISTEN, liſten to my ſtory,
Gentle maids and lovers true,
Hear me, while I now before ye,
Tell my hapleſs tale to you;
Ah! if my ſad fate ſhould move you,
Call forth tender pity's tears;
Soon I ſhall ſeverely prove you,
Melt your hearts and wake your fears.

Not more cheerful homeward ſteering,
The ſhipwreck'd ſeaman ſpeeds his way;
Or the lark his courſe oft veering,
Wings his flight and hails the day!

Love and friendſhip, ſacred bleſſings!
Strew'd their choiceſt gifts on me;
My days were ſpent in fond careſſings,
My nights in calm tranquillity!

Soon, to ſoon, the proſpect louring,
Clouds obſcur'd the face of day;
Cold neglect and cares devouring,
Stole my peace of mind away!
Neriſſa frown'd, forbade my wooing,
Left me wretched and forlorn,
To weep in ſecret my undoing,
And ſigh "that man was made to mourn."

Aſk ye, if yon maiden, lov'd me?
Real love is known by few;
Often has ſhe try'd and prov'd me,
Yet always found me, kind and true!
Why, ah! why, then does ſhe leave me?
Why has friendſhip clos'd the door;
Why, with cruel ſcorn, thus grieve me,
What's the reaſon? I am poor!!!

Now alas! no pow'r befriending,
To eaſe my woes I ſeek in vain;
Mute deſpair and ſorrow rending,
Break my heart and turn my brain!

But thou, proud maid, who ſcorns't to hear me
Oh! reſt in peace, thy cares be o'er;
Thou ſhalt not long have cauſe to fear me,
Thy lover ſoon will be no more!

GALERIO TO NERISSA.

Sunday Night, Eleven o'Clock.

As feebly flies, with dread the tim'rous deer,
When wounded by the fatal hunter's ſpear;
Or ſadly weeps, expreſſive of his woes,
Encompaſs'd with a hoſt of cruel foes:
As mourns the ſlave of Africa his doom,
Torn from his friends, his parents, and his home!
As grieves the wretched captive worn with care,
Counting his priſon bars in wild deſpair!*
So ſick at heart, with ſcarcely power to move,
Galerio laments his abſent love!

* I have been unfortunate; have been perſecuted, and in a dungeon; where I have counted the iron bars of my chamber, and meditated on the world's oppreſſion.

LETTERS *to* CHARLOTTE.

Ah me! how heavy paſs the hours to night,
Depriv'd that which, having, made them light!*
By love inſpir'd, Leander oft would brave
The Helleſpont; nor fear'd its foaming wave;†
But ſwam acroſs at each appointed hour,
His courſe directing to the lonely tow'r;
Where his beloved Hero, full in ſight,
Places with eager hand, the fav'ring light;
That ſafely guides him to her panting breaſt,
His toil repays, and ſoothes his ſoul to reſt!
Nor would Galerio his fortune chide,
Had fate ordain'd, Neriſſa for his bride;
His waking hours, his paſſing days to ſhare,
With never ceaſing toil and anxious care;
If, but at eve, he might ſuſpend his woes,
And in her arms find comfort and repoſe!
What cauſe thus robs him of his hearts beſt prize,
Or fate perverſe, this much wiſh'd boon denies?
Why left to wander, on the world's wide plain,
Seeks he a place of reſt, but ſeeks in vain?

* Ah me! Sad hours ſeem long—
Not having that, which having, makes them ſhort!
ROMEO *and* JULIET.

† Ovid's Epiſtles.

The ſcrutiniſing gaze of idle fools,
The pride of wealth and inſolence of ſchools;
The ſneers of envy and the ſcoffs of hate,
Have all been his; 'twas thus decreed by fate!
Theſe he can bear, for theſe he long has borne,
With patience bear; but not Neriſſa's ſcorn!
The time has been, ere yet our loves were paſt,
When I could ſhiver at a wint'ry blaſt;*
View nature's awful ſtorms with dread ſurpriſe,
And fly for ſhelter from inclement ſkies!
When love or hate, joy, grief, or hope or fear,
Could raiſe a ſigh or call a willing tear:
When youthful enterpriſe, to gain a name,
Could rouſe my energies to deeds of fame.
Then ſenſibility mov'd ev'ry part, [heart!
Flow'd thro' each nerve and play'd around my
But now, no more, the ſoul, her pow'r diſplays,
Each nerve grows callous and each ſenſe decays.
Events paſs by, unheeded and unbleſt,
One mighty feeling has abſorbed the reſt.
Misfortune's ſhafts no more can make me moan,
In vain they pierce me, ſince Neriſſa's gone!

* Blow winds, and crack your cheeks!
Blow on: for I can bear it all!

LEAR.

With her go honor, happineſs, and fame,
And all that forms a great and glorious name!
The world that once with fairy proſpects ſmil'd,
Seems now a bleak, inhoſpitable wild;
Where not a tree nor flow'r their bloom diſplay,
To cheer the lonely wand'rer on his way!
All being gone, that made me hope or fear,
What ſhould I do; what buſineſs have I here?
Why, idly linger on a ſpot forlorn,
Blaſted my hopes, my heart with anguiſh torn?
Who mourns the loſt Galerio's fate? Not one,*
Or who can tell his varied ſufferings? None!!!
In hopleſs miſery; ſay what remains,
To cloſe his ſorrows and conclude his pains?
But that he bid the cruel world adieu,
And yield to Nature her remaining due!
Breathe to Neriſſa one laſt faithful ſigh;
Make peace with Heaven—then lay him down
and ——!

* Who is there left to mourn for Logan? Not one.
LOGAN'S SPEECH.

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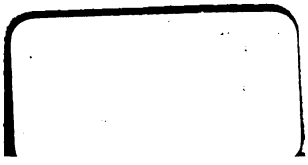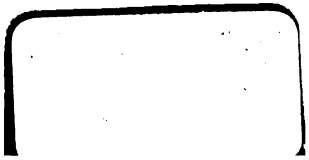
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